Children's Newspaper

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The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

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DYING MAN'S SECRET

WILL IT BRING GREAT WEALTH TO ENGLAND?

The Precious Stores of Oil in Norfolk and Devon

TRYING TO GET IT OUT

A few weeks ago there died in London a man who believed he held in his grasp a secret which would make England one of the richest oil countries in the world. He was Professor Burls, and he laboured in his chemical laboratory to find the way to burn up part of the counties of Norfolk and Devon in England's industrial furnaces.

In Norfolk and in Devon are vast quantities of shale, not deep-sunk like coal, but near the surface; and these shales contain oil. The Government has surveyed them and calculated their extent. If the oil could be wrung out of them, and profitably used, these fields would be a Black Golconda, a mine of wealth worth far more than the gold reefs of South Africa, for they would supply England with fuel for a century. There the oil lies, whispering in the ears of the men of science: *Come, Find Me!*

Sixty Years of Oil

At first sight it does not seem hard to find. Shale oil is not by any means a new or secret thing. Nearly seventy years ago a seam of shale was opened up at Broxburn, in Linlithgowshire, and this oily mineral was crushed and distilled by a process a chemist named Young invented. For more than sixty years this Scottish shale has yielded oil, while all the time the shales of Norfolk and Devon, lying tantalisingly near the surface, have been left in possession of their wealth.

They have not been left alone. Oil has been crushed out of them, but the stubborn English shales have put up a barrier harder to get over than any barbed wire, by yielding sulphur along with the oil; and sulphur is as pernicious in fuel oil as an explosive. The sulphur corrodes engines and boiler furnaces; the oil that contains it can be used neither in the oil engine nor the motor-car. It is at one and the same time too useless and far too expensive to burn.

A Chance for the Chemist

Yet we may be sure the mind of the chemist will some day find a way to turn the sulphur out, and probably at the same time to turn it to good account. It was this that Professor Burls spent his days and nights in trying to do, and when he died it was because he had broken down by overwork. At first sight the problem looks simple. The oil can be distilled out of the shale by heating to a very high temperature in an iron retort, and that up to the present is the only way known. But when that temperature is reached the sulphur in the shale is far beyond its melting point, and it clutches the oil and joins with it. Oil impregnated with sulphur to this extent is, as we have seen, of no use, and the sulphur cannot be got rid of because there is no evident way of driving it off by renewed heating. There may be some other means of separating it.

Professor Burls believed he had found the way to do it, and he had succeeded in showing that he could do it—in his laboratory. But before the experiments could be carried out on a larger scale which would show whether it would be profitable to get out the sulphur in his way, he died in the midst of his work. His secret, happily, did not die with him, for a colleague, working, shared his knowledge, and soon the tests are to be made. What gives greater reason for hope is that another chemist, Mr. G. E. Heyl, has shown that pure oil and spirit can be got out of these shales if means are taken by which the contaminating sulphur is prevented from combining with the oil when the oil is distilled out. There are, therefore, two roads by which the shale-oil chemist may arrive at his goal; he may bar the sulphur off before the oil is ready, or he may drive it off.

Which of those two ways is to be taken, or whether they can be combined, the tests may show. The right way will be found some day. But how strange it will be if Professor Burls should have found the way before he died, leaving it to other men to track it out till it leads to new wealth for England. There will be oil for motors, oil for ships, perhaps oil for railway engines, and pitch will be so cheap that there will not be an untarred road in the country.

If it should turn out thus, perhaps the very name of the inventor will be forgotten, just as when, after the little city of the Bible had been saved by the wise man, none remembered that poor wise man. But in the chronicles of science he will have his place, and will not be forgotten.

A Little Walk at the Zoo



Freckles, a freckled Mangabey monkey, and Marco, a chimpanzee, recent arrivals at the London Zoo, going for a little walk with their keeper in the grounds before breakfast

LEAP TO SAVE A FRIEND

FROM THE SKY TO THE SEA

Thrilling Tale of Two Men in a Balloon

GREATER LOVE HATH NO MAN

Greater love hath no man than that he should be willing to die for his friend. Once more we have seen it, though, happily, the hero did not die.

The hero was a Frenchman, who dived into the sea from a balloon to save his comrade's life.

The balloon, with two Frenchmen on board, M. Boitard and M. Denis, had started from St. Cloud, near Paris, in a race organised by the Aero Club of France. In the darkness of night they drifted to sea, and when near the Isle of Wight found themselves at dawn falling more and more rapidly. They threw out ballast, but this seems to have made no difference, for the balloon continued falling, and, as it was drifting nearer and nearer the shore, it looked as if it must crash into the cliff.

An Amazing Sight

Then observers on shore saw a remarkable sight. One of the aeronauts, it was M. Boitard, climbed to the top of the basket, where he stood for a moment or two, and then, waving his hand to his companion, dived into the sea.

It all occurred so rapidly that his friend could do nothing to stop him, but after Boitard had leaped out, Denis looked over the top of the basket and saw his companion strike the water. The brave man had left the balloon to save his companion's life.

Relieved of the weight, the balloon began to rise, and, clearing the cliffs, sailed away over the land. After drifting for some distance, it reached Houghton, near Stockbridge, where a spectator seized a trailing rope and was able to secure the balloon while the airman landed. Naturally, M. Denis lost no time, but at once rushed off to get help for his gallant friend.

Full Speed to the Sea

Meanwhile, the heroic act of M. Boitard had been witnessed from the shore by Dr. de Mowbray, of Milford Hospital, who was riding in his car, and he drove at full speed to the nearest coastguard station.

A boat was placed on the car and rushed to the shore, where a crew of rescuers launched it and rowed out. Boitard was found, though by the time he was taken out of the sea his strength had quite gone, and his rescuers arrived only in the nick of time.

He was taken to Milford Cottage Hospital, where he soon recovered, and one of his first consolations was the arrival of his companion.

Is not this a splendid story of heroism in the face of danger, equal to any tale of war?

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ROUND THE WORLD FLIGHT

ADVENTURES OF THE AERIAL TRAVELLERS

The Commander Who was Lost for Eleven Days

THE TRAPPER'S CABIN

The airmen who are flying across the world have found many obstacles in their path, and, with the exception of the Frenchman, Lieutenant D'Oisy, whose wonderful journey towards Japan has aroused universal admiration, they are far behind the time-tables they had set themselves.

Happily no serious accidents have occurred, though two Portuguese airmen flying from Lisbon to Southern China were caught in a cyclone at Pipar in India. Their machine crashed, and the airmen were injured after having flown 5700 miles in 31 days.

Need for Landing Place

Several times since the British fliers left Calshot have they been compelled to lose much time while waiting for new engines; and now Commander Broome, of the Canadian Navy, who has been establishing bases for Lieutenant MacLaren and his crew between British Columbia and Japan, has found that many of the proposed landing places in the Kurile Islands, north of Japan, are unfit for the purpose. Better landing places have been found, and it is hoped use may be made of them, for this part, with the rest of the Pacific crossing, is the most dangerous section of the round-the-world journey.

The Americans, who are flying round the world the opposite way, encountered very bad weather at the Atlantic end of this section, and were unable to make very rapid progress. But by flying from Attu, in the Aleutian Islands, to Paramashiru, off the southern coast of Kamchatka, the three American airmen who are still flying have made the first aeroplane journey across the Pacific.

A Great Thrill

Major Martin, who was the original leader of the American Expedition, has provided the greatest thrill of any of the flights. Dogged by bad luck from the beginning, Major Martin was at one time believed to have perished. He was missing for several days after leaving Chignik, in Alaska, and his comrades eventually received orders to carry on with their journey across the Pacific without their leader.

Then, after eleven days, during which the seas had been searched in vain for any signs of wreckage, two tired but happy men struggled into a fish cannery at Port Moller in Alaska. They were Major Martin and a mechanic, and a wonderful tale they had to tell.

Crashing into a Mountain

Soon after leaving Chignik, they ran into a dense fog and crashed into the side of a mountain. Their machine was wrecked, but happily the men were unhurt. Heavy snow was falling, and that night they slept in the fuselage of their wrecked plane. After seven days of struggling through the snow, during which time they lived on concentrated food, the airmen came to a deserted trapper's cabin, in which they found some food the trappers had left behind, an extraordinary piece of good fortune.

Here they rested for a day or two and were able to shoot wild duck to add to their scanty food supply; and then, feeling refreshed, they began a tiring journey of twenty miles along the beach to Port Moller, which was reached eleven days after their crash.

In a few minutes their story was wirelessed to an astonished world, for they had been given up as lost.

NEW IDEAS

A Mysterious Element in Plant Food

ROYAL SOCIETY EXHIBITS

The onward march of science is nowhere more forcibly shown than at the gatherings of the Royal Society.

A notable new discovery was made known at this year's meeting, where it was announced that many plants cannot reach complete development without the help of an almost infinitesimal quantity of the element called "boron" in their food.

Boron occurs in such familiar things as borax and boracic acid, and one part of boracic acid in two or three million parts of water, if used for watering such plants as broad beans, will cause them to grow nearly three times the size they would if grown without boron.

This is just another example of the marvellous effect on life exerted by the tiniest quantities of certain substances only now coming to be understood.

An interesting discovery made by the Royal College of Surgeons is that by mixing the red dye madder with pig's food, the bones of the pigs become coloured a bright pink. By mixing madder with the pigs' food at special times when their bone formation is undergoing important changes, most important knowledge has been gained which may one day be applied to the benefit of weakly children.

An interesting exhibit made by a famous oil company was a little world in miniature attacked by a big electric spark. The object of the apparatus was to find out why lightning will strike one spot in preference to another.

How the Great War Set Me Free

HAS anything good come out of the Great War? Thinking men have asked themselves the question a thousand times, but who shall say whether in a hundred years, when the historian puts the Great War in the scales, the balance of what has come from it will be for good or ill?

One country there is in Europe which has no doubt whatever that the Great War was worth while. We who were born in freedom can hardly understand what life was like there. This nation of a thousand years had been cut in three pieces, as three farmers might cut up a field.

It lay for a hundred years at the mercy of three enemies. A child might not speak to its mother in its mother tongue. A woman was chained to a wheelbarrow night and day for fifteen years for having a book in her house.

It is from a life like this that millions of people were redeemed when the Great War came to an end. The sun of a new day is rising over this country now, and hope stirs in the hearts of her people.

In My Magazine for June the C.N. correspondent of this European country tells something of the life from which the Great War set her people free.

Pronunciations in This Paper

Cartier	Kart-yay
Kabul	Kah-**bool**
Kalahari	**Kah**-lah-**hah**-re
Liliuokalani	**Le**-le-oo-o-kah-lah-n.é

NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE



Newfoundland's seal fishery this year has yielded 129,561 seals.

Hero of Kut Dead

General Sir Charles Townshend, the heroic defender of Kut in 1915, has just died in Paris.

The Drink Bill

The Drink Bill for last year was just over £300,000,000, compared with £330,000,000 in 1922.

Two Barns Slip Away

Mysterious wavelike movements in a Finnish meadow caused fissures in which two barns disappeared.

The Duke's Camp

The Duke of York has invited 400 boys from public schools and factories to his next summer camp at Romsey Marsh.

A Sword from Jerusalem

A German sword has been sent from Jerusalem to the Imperial War Museum for the purpose of turning it into a sickle.

Drake's Bowls

The set of bowls with which Drake is said to have been playing when the Armada was sighted are to be used in a coming pageant at Torquay.

London's Largest Swimming Bath

The new open-air swimming bath provided by Woolwich Borough Council in Eltham Park holds 280,350 gallons of water, and takes 75 hours to fill.

Siam Makes a Change

Siam has adopted the metric system of weights and measures. The law comes into effect at the end of 1924, but will not be compulsory till five years later.

Fed Through a Pipe

Five entombed miners have been rescued from a mine in Colorado, after being kept alive some days by a pipe let down through 90 feet of earth.

Rudeness by Wireless

The first instance of a wireless amateur having his licence suspended for flashing rudeness through the ether is that of station 9 A Q B of St. Louis.

The German Elections

While the new French Parliament is more Liberal than the old, the new German Parliament is more Conservative than the old. It is expected to work in favour of peace.

Bourneville's Carillon

The carillon in the belfry of Bournville school, enlarged from 22 to 37 bells as a tribute to the memory of the late Mr. George Cadbury, now ranks among the four largest in England.

The Big Bang

The scientific explosion of ten tons of melinite at La Courtine, in France, in order to test the transmission of sound, was not a great success. The sound was not heard in Paris, 200 miles away.

THE MINERS' MANSION

What a Penny a Week Can Do

Berry Hill Hall, near Mansfield, a beautiful Nottinghamshire mansion, has been purchased, with ninety acres of parkland, for £10,000, and has been opened by the Miners' Welfare Fund as a convalescent home for the benefit of miners and their families.

In the wooded park, which is on one of the highest parts of the county, are gardens, lakes, and shaded walks. About £5000 has been spent on decorating the hall, and provision has been made for tennis, cricket, and bowls.

Local miners are contributing a penny a week, equal to £2000 a year, towards the upkeep of the place.

THE LAD LEFT ALONE

Loving-kindness in the World

To those readers of the C.N. who have written expressing sympathy for "the lad left alone" after ten of his relatives were killed or died during the war, we would say that he has found friends eager to help him.

They would not like publicity, but the way in which kind-souled people have responded to the appeal of the young fellow's troubles shows, we can assure our readers, how full of loving-kindness the world is.

KING AND HIS KNIGHTS

AN ABBEY SCENE

A Ceremony from the Days of Chivalry

THE VOW OF KNIGHTHOOD

When King George attended the installation service of the Knights of the Order of the Bath in the beautiful Henry VII Chapel of the Abbey the other day, he was helping to keep alive in the minds of his people one of the most beautiful visions that have come down to us through the ages.

Night of Meditation

In medieval times, on the day before the ceremony of installation, the esquire who was to be knighted presented himself at the king's palace and had to serve the king at supper. Then he was taken to a certain chamber, where his beard was shaved and his hair was cut, and he was put into a bath while various knights of the Order gave him good counsel. After that he was dressed in warm clothing and taken to the chapel, where he passed the night before the altar in prayer and meditation. At dawn he received the Sacrament, made an offering of a lighted taper with a penny stuck in it, and was conducted back to bed, where he was allowed to sleep well into the morning.

At the appointed time he was roused, clad in robes of red silk lined with white, and conducted to the presence of the king, a young esquire going before him, carrying his sword and spurs. Two noble knights put the spurs on his heels, and the king girded on the sword, smiting its owner on the neck and kissing him, as he said, "Be a good Knight."

The Prayer for Strength

The whole company then moved into the chapel, when the new knight took the solemn vows of knighthood and prayed aloud for strength to keep them, laying his sword on the altar to show that it would always be drawn in the cause of religion.

On returning to the palace the new knight again changed his robes, and on his shoulder was placed a knot of white silk and gold, which he was bound to wear until he distinguished himself by some deed of personal bravery, or until some noble lady, having proved his valour, took the knot from his shoulder and fastened it on to her own sleeve to signify that she could bear witness that he was a true and valorous knight. The white and gold knots forming part of the collar of the Order are a survival of this white silk knot.

A Solemn Ceremony

The ceremony has been greatly simplified and has lost much of its picturesqueness, but at the installation just before the war one of the most important items of the ancient service appeared in a slightly altered form. At the close of the ceremonies the Great Master of the Order, drawing his sword, handed it to the Dean, who laid it on the altar and afterwards restored it with these words: "I exhort and admonish you to use your sword to the glory of God, the defence of the Gospel, the maintenance of your Sovereign's right and honour, and of all equity and justice, to the utmost of your power." Each installed knight then drew his sword, and held it forward by the blade, the hilt towards the altar.

The oath of the Order, substantially the same throughout the ages, says: "You shall honour God above all things; you shall be steadfast in the faith of Christ; you shall love the King your Sovereign Lord, and him and his right defend to your power. You shall defend maidens, widows, and orphans in their rights, and shall suffer no extortion as far as you may prevent it."

To honour God and the king, and to protect the defenceless, has been the vow of knighthood through the ages.

AFRICA'S TRADE GROWING

RAILWAYS AND MOTOR ROADS

Continent's New Outlet to the World's Markets

CATTLE 11 DAYS FROM LIVERPOOL

The making of railways and motor roads in regions where, within easy memory, no white man had ever been, is one of the signs of the new commercial era in Africa.

Especially are the railway makers busy in East Africa. The original Uganda Railway from Mombasa through Kenya to the Victoria Nyanza, is being used as a kind of backbone, and side lines, like ribs, are being made from it right and left.

It is also being carried to Uganda, 100 miles farther than it went when it was called the Uganda Railway. The reason for this is that Uganda has become an important cotton-growing region, and needs to get its crops more conveniently into the world's markets.

A Home for White Men

It has been sending its cotton by a railway to the head of the Victoria Nyanza, to be shipped across the lake and then re-trained to Mombasa. Now a branch line is to go from Nairobi, the capital of Kenya, direct to Uganda. From this new line branches are being extended to occupied districts on the healthy Kenya highlands, where British and Dutch farmers have already established a successful cultivation.

This energetic action, stimulated by the Government of Kenya, will develop the valuable highlands, where white people can live in comfort, as well as the cotton region of Uganda.

Also the new line makes a springing-off place for a new motor road, no doubt to be followed by a railway linking Kenya with the Nile route through the Sudan to Egypt.

Short Way to the Sea

Railway activity is also astir nearer the coast. During the war the British constructed a military line from the Mombasa Railway into German East Africa—now the Tanganyika Territory. This line eventually joined a German line which ran down to the port of Tanga. The military line is being made permanent and commercial, so that Mombasa may be the outlet port for the north-eastern part of Tanganyika.

Other railways are being projected and made farther to the south. One, in the north of the Transvaal, will connect southern Rhodesia with the Portuguese port of Lourenço Marques, on Delagoa Bay. Already the line goes to Messina. It is being extended to the Limpopo River and across it. Thence it is run to West Nicholson, in Rhodesia, and that fine cattle tract will have a shortened route to the sea.

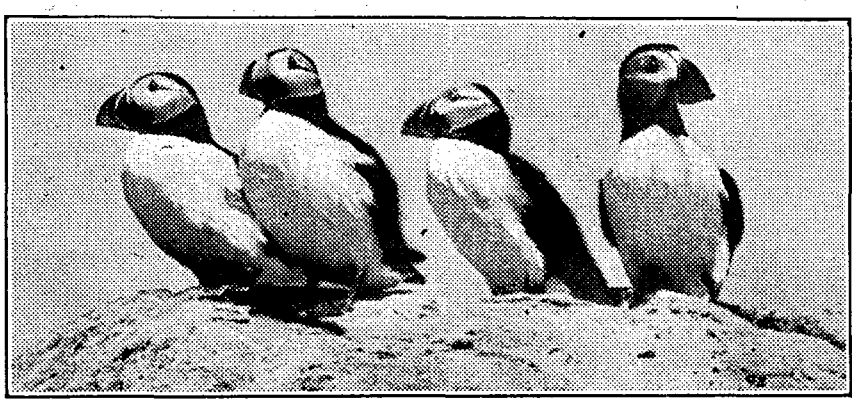
A Desert Railway

Further, the main South African line to Bulawayo is to send off a branch westward across the Kalahari Desert and Bechuanaland to the port of Walvis Bay in South-West Africa, and Rhodesia will get a westerly outlet to the sea.

Another line is planned to cross from Rhodesia to the fine port of Lobito Bay on the coast of Portuguese West Africa, a route that, it is said, will bring Rhodesian cattle within eleven days of Liverpool.

The French are projecting a desert railway from Algeria across the Sahara desert to Upper Volta, to the north of Ashanti, with branches to Dahomey, the Ivory Coast, French Guinea, and Senegal. Everywhere railways are removing from Africa the reproach of being remote.

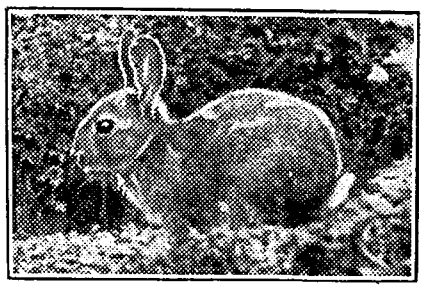
ALL NATURE WAKES UP



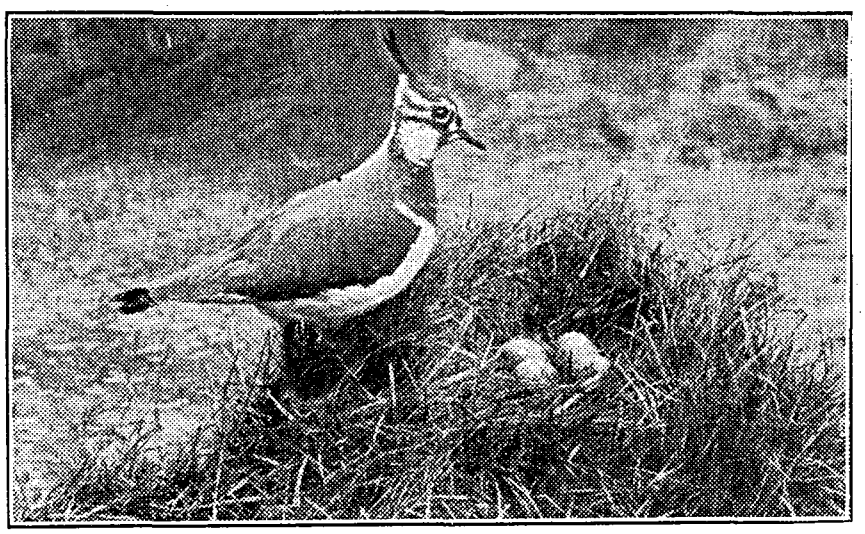
A little group of puffins



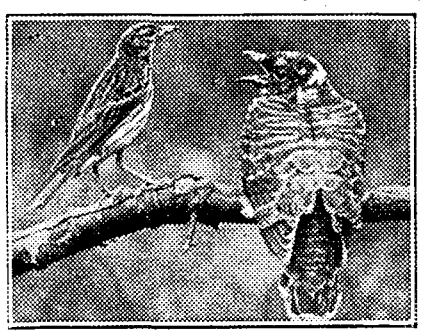
A rat goes foraging



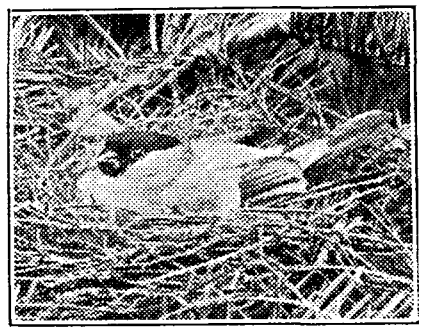
The rabbit takes a look round



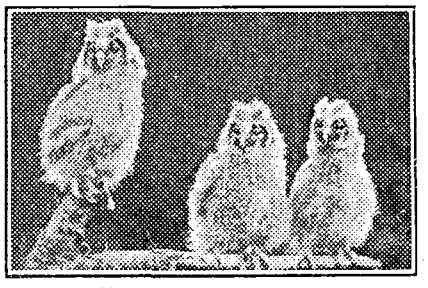
A peewit, or lapwing, at its nest



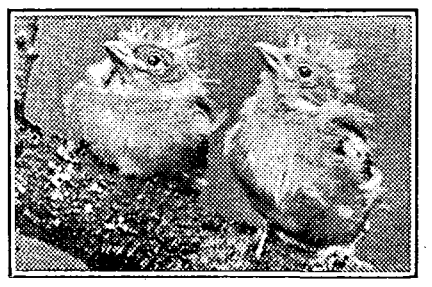
A tree pipit and a young cuckoo



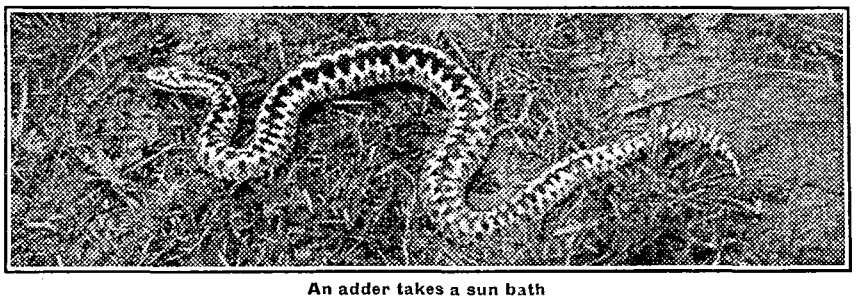
A bullfinch on the nest



Young long-eared owls



Chaffinch fledglings



An adder takes a sun bath

All Nature is now awake and active, and the countryside is full of young life growing into vigour under the genial summer conditions. These beautiful pictures are from the wonderful film taken by Mr. Richard Kearton, "Nature's Fairyland," and from his new and striking Nature book, "Wild Bird Adventures." Mr. Kearton was the pioneer of beautiful Nature photography of this kind

A RICH MAN ON SUCCESS

INTEGRITY AND LOYALTY THE CHIEF THINGS

The Good that Came from Owning a Mistake

MAN WHO DID NOT FIND FAULT

Mr. Charles M. Schwab, the millionaire steel king of America, has been giving his views on success in life, and he has said some very wise things which are well worth remembering.

Money (he says) is often a matter of chance or good fortune, and is not the mark of a successful life. It is not the thing that brings a throb of pleasure or a thrill into my life. And I would not pose as a successful man if that were to be the measure.

The great captains of industry, he explains, do not keep on working for the sake of making money, but for the love of working well.

In my long experience in business life and association with men there are some fundamental things that must not be overlooked. If I were asked to say the most important things that lead to a successful life, I should say that first of all is integrity. No man can do anything of any great value in life if he does not have the reputation of honour and integrity.

Mr. Schwab says he does not believe in super-men, but the world is full of capable men, and it is the man with determination who wins. Any man who goes into anything, and does it better than the average, will be successful.

It is interesting to find this captain of industry laying stress on higher things.

There are other things in life (he says) than mere work. I believe an appreciation of the finer things in life, the learning to know the beauties of literature and art and music, will help any man in his career. A man to carry on a successful business must have imagination. He must see things as in a vision, a dream of the whole thing.

Bringing Out the Best

Mr. Schwab tells a good story of his old chief, Andrew Carnegie, the moral being "never find fault with a man because he has made a mistake."

As chief engineer of the works (he says) I had just built a converting mill. I went to Mr. Carnegie and said to him, "If you will give me the money to build this mill I can save fifty cents a ton."

He provided the money, and the mill was built. He came out to see it. I walked round with him. He saw the look of disappointment in my face, and said, "Charlie, there is something wrong here. What is it?"

I said, "It is exactly what I told you, and it is better than I told you. We save more than I said. But I don't mind saying that if I had to do the whole thing over again I would do it so and so. I made a mistake here."

He said, "Can you change it?" I said, "No; it means tearing it down and doing it over again." He said, "Go ahead and do it. Don't make the same mistake again."

Do you suppose if he had been a fault-finding man I would have told him? He brought out the best in me. When that mill was torn down and a second mill took its place it was as great a success over the first as the first had been over the old one.

The worst thing that can happen to a man, Mr. Schwab thinks, is to start life with influence.

PLANTING TREES BY THOUSANDS

A Wonderful Machine

The Forestry Department of the United States Government has some wonderful tree seeding machines.

These machines dig a furrow, plant the seedlings, deposit fertiliser at the roots, and pack the earth. They are hauled by two horses, and as they plant one row they mark out the place where the next furrow is to be dug.

The machines can plant ten thousand trees a day.

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WILLIAM SHELDON AND HIS TAPESTRIES

FOUND AFTER MANY DAYS

The Good Things Left Behind by a Man who Loved England

THE LOOMS OF BARCHESTON

William Sheldon lived in Worcestershire almost four hundred years ago, not far from the place now called Redditch. He possessed land here and there, and among other places he owned the Manor of Barcheston, in South Warwickshire.

This man loved England, her houses and palaces, her churches and statues, and all the beautiful things that Englishmen had made. He also loved the needlework of all kinds, more delightful than we can imagine, which the ladies of England, from queens down to peasants, had always taken delight in. William was very proud to think that beautiful embroidery had been made in England as early as the year 500, and that rich people on the Continent had often sent men to Britain to buy the work of his country-women.

A Tapestry Workshop

There was another kind of work being done, something akin to embroideries, in that thread and wool and silk were used in its making, and pictures shown on it, and that was tapestry work. Tapestries were woven on wooden handlooms.

English William thought this kind of work was not going on hard enough in his district, and he went to a great expense and much trouble in setting up a workshop for the weaving of tapestry at his Manor of Barcheston.

Soon some very fine things were coming from these looms—woven pictures of little scenes in England, picture-maps of the counties.

William died, but was not forgotten. For a hundred years or so his workshops continued to be hives of a very happy industry. The tapestries that came from the Barcheston looms were hung on the walls of old English houses and palaces. Then, alas! the workshops ceased to exist as such. The craft of tapestry weaving died out.

A Search in Old Houses

About ten years ago people in London were reminded of the work of those distant days when William Sheldon lived by a set of tapestry maps of the Midland counties which had been collected from various places and were hung in the South Kensington Museum.

Men who were interested in these things began to think that if they searched diligently they ought to find more tapestries hidden away in old manor houses and halls that had stood since William Sheldon's days. Imagine how delighted they were when they found, in a list of household properties made in 1633 in a Warwickshire manor, "Three pieces of arras hangings" and "Fower large quarter-mapps."

When Elizabeth was Queen

These tapestries, one of them dated 1595, were in the end unearthed in a servant's bedroom. The house had been altered since they were hung there, and someone had wantonly cut out the tapestry to allow a door to be set in the wall!

Since then more tapestries, woven at Barcheston when Elizabeth was queen, have been found. They are particularly delightful to us because they show little pictures of the countryside, the houses and fields and animals, bear hunts and fox hunts, of those far-off days.

Soon we hope to see a fine show of these things in the South Kensington Museum. And when we see them we shall remember William Sheldon and his love for England.

THE WIRELESS FINGER

Pointing the Way to Ships at Sea

MAKING TRAVEL SAFE ROUND THE COASTS

When ships groping their way through fog at sea come near the Lizard some of their troubles now are lightened, because the Cornish wireless station, as soon as they can get in touch with it, will tell the ship exactly where it is, and also will wireless to it the positions of other ships that are anywhere near it.

There used to be a tale of old that twin giants, Corcoran and Cormorant, stood on the Lizard looking out for ships at sea and carrying lanterns in their hands, but this modern giant of electricity does better, for it points the way through the blackness of fog that no beam of light could penetrate.

Not only from the Lizard are these signals sent. At Berwick and at Flamborough Head there are wireless stations with skilled navigators who can direct to ships the information necessary to keep them out of danger and to lessen the risks of collision with other ships.

In a short time from now other coast stations will be fitted with instruments for the same purpose, with navigators in charge, so that all round the coast approaching ships will run into a zone of wireless that will guide them in the way they should go, preserving them from collisions, and warning them, in the stormy days of winter or the fogs of spring and autumn, when they are too near the coast or to dangerous shoals and rocks.

THE HIGH PLACES OF THE HILL FOLK

Great Tower in Abraham's City

Something was told in the C.N. not long ago of the wonderful discoveries made by Mr. C. L. Woolley on the site of the old city of Ur, the lost home of Abraham, situated between the Tigris and the Euphrates.

Now the authorities have reported on the uncovering of the great tower in the midst of the city, hitherto covered by earth and broken bricks and dust.

It stands on an artificial terrace raised high above the plain, and is 60 feet high with a base 195 feet long by 150 feet wide. It is built solidly of brick throughout, and has stairways to the top.

It is supposed that these buildings were set up by hill folk who, when they migrated to the plains, felt the need to worship "in high places," and could only in this way replace the altars they had built "on every high hill." They wished to get nearer to God, and this was their way of doing so!

EATING THE FARMER'S FRIEND

How Not to Help Agriculture

It has been decided that members of Parliament, after discussing how best to help the farmer to provide the nation's food, may go into the House of Commons dining-room and eat one of the farmer's best friends.

The plover, the priceless friend of agriculture, is fast disappearing, because of the high price that can be obtained for its eggs, so that it is less and less able to help the farmer by gobbling up the pests which spoil his land.

The Chairman of the House of Commons Kitchen Committee says they must provide the food the members ask for, and no doubt it is difficult to know where to draw the line.

It seems incredible to us, however, that our legislators, seeking the national good as the first aim, should enjoy unpatriotic meals of plovers' eggs in the dining-room, and then go back to the Chamber and talk of helping agriculture.

QUEEN LYDIA'S JEWELS

HOW THEY WILL KEEP HER MEMORY GREEN

A Kingdom Goes and an Orphanage Comes

HAWAII'S LOST THRONE

There is something romantic, to boys and girls of all ages, in the idea of crown jewels, probably because the sceptre and the crown are the symbols of the oldest kind of government known in the civilised world. Times change, and there are very few kings and queens left. One of the rulers to lose her throne in our time was Queen Lydia Liliuokalani of Hawaii.

When her little kingdom became a republic in 1894 the queen, who had suffered a great deal, looked ahead to the future and planned a fine thing whereby the lost royalty of the little islands should always be remembered. She decided that on her death her jewels should be sold and the money used to found an orphanage in Honolulu. The institution is to be called the Liliuokalini Orphanage—a word which in the gentle, gliding speech of the Pacific islands will sound more beautiful than it could in our own tongue.

Treasures of the Royal House

Queen Lydia died in November, 1917, but the lawyers have been all this time contesting and proving certain points in her will, and the jewels have only just been sold, by public auction. They made a fine show in Honolulu, and people who loved the republic most, or the greater republic—that of the U.S.A.—to which Hawaii was annexed in 1898, could not help being interested in these treasures of the royal house.

Some of them are diamond ornaments—tiaras, necklaces—that a European aristocrat might envy. They contain hundreds of stones of varying sizes. One very interesting relic of barbaric life and splendour is shown in the exquisite necklace of tiger's claws, set in gold filigree and slung together on a gold chain. Brooches, bracelets, necklets, rings, combs—all have a merit of beauty and richness. Many of these jewels were worn by Queen Lydia when she was in England in 1887. How little it could have been imagined, in those dazzling days of the Jubilee celebrations, that the jewels worn by one of the queens in the great procession would be sold to build an orphanage!

An Intelligent Ruler

A great many of the queen's treasures have passed into Hawaiian hands; some have gone over to the United States. The precious ornaments that were once Queen Lydia's will hold memories and traditions of a small island history which was as real and tragic to its rulers as that of France during the Revolution.

Queen Lydia was an intelligent ruler, looking ahead, and moving with her times. She knew quite well that the days of the native splendour of the little Honolulu court were over, and she left to the museums certain treasures of the island industries which are dying out. But she will be remembered most of all for her splendid thought in letting her jewels be the foundation of a home for the little orphans of Hawaii.

A FINGER IN THE DOOR

Trapped on a Jolting Train

A printer's assistant sued the Metropolitan Railway Company in the London courts the other day for damages for an injured finger, but lost his case.

A sudden jolt of the train at a station caused an open door to close, and his finger was pinched.

To have proved the railway company's responsibility he would have had to show that it was their fault that his finger was where it was when the door swung to, but that clearly was his own fault.

A COUNTRYMAN COMES TO PARIS

NEW NATIONAL LEADER

The Change Coming Over French Politics

BRIAND AND HERRIOT

The change in the French Government has brought before the eyes of Europe a man who was but little known as a politician outside France, though, unlike many men who take an active part in governing France, he has travelled widely.

This is M. Edouard Herriot, the leader of the Radical Socialist Party which has returned to the French Chamber more of its members than any other French political party.

M. Herriot is an example of how, in any country with free government, a man may win his way to a national position by local work. That is nearly always the method by which American rulers become known. The most striking example of local training in England was Joseph Chamberlain, who was almost the ruler of Birmingham before he entered Parliament, where he quickly passed to the front.

Professor and Statesman

M. Herriot, who was once a professor at Nantes, has been the most prominent figure for 20 years in the public life of the prosperous city of Lyons. He has long been the mayor, and his financial ability and personal influence have enormously benefited the city, so that he has been recognised throughout Southern France as a power in public life. This is particularly the district which deserted M. Poincaré.

But M. Herriot has by no means been exclusively engaged in local administration, though it has been his special field of work. He has served as a Senator, and was the youngest member of the French Upper House. For a short time, in 1916, he was a member of the Cabinet as Minister of Food.

The combination between M. Herriot and M. Briand is expected to lead to the friendliest relations with the Allies of France. M. Briand is a man of wide experience as a statesman. He has been Prime Minister of France seven times, and has shown himself capable of taking into account the views which other people have besides himself, and other countries besides France.

Satisfying the People

If M. Herriot, as Prime Minister of France, can only satisfy the French people as a whole half as well as he has satisfied the people of Lyons by his local service, he will attain high repute not only in France but in Europe.

Though he will probably devote much attention to the domestic affairs of France, he is well qualified to judge what her action should be as a great European nation working to sustain the peace on which prosperity depends. He has first-hand knowledge of England, America, and Russia, having visited them all, and he also has a better knowledge of his own country than M. Poincaré.

In the Auction Rooms

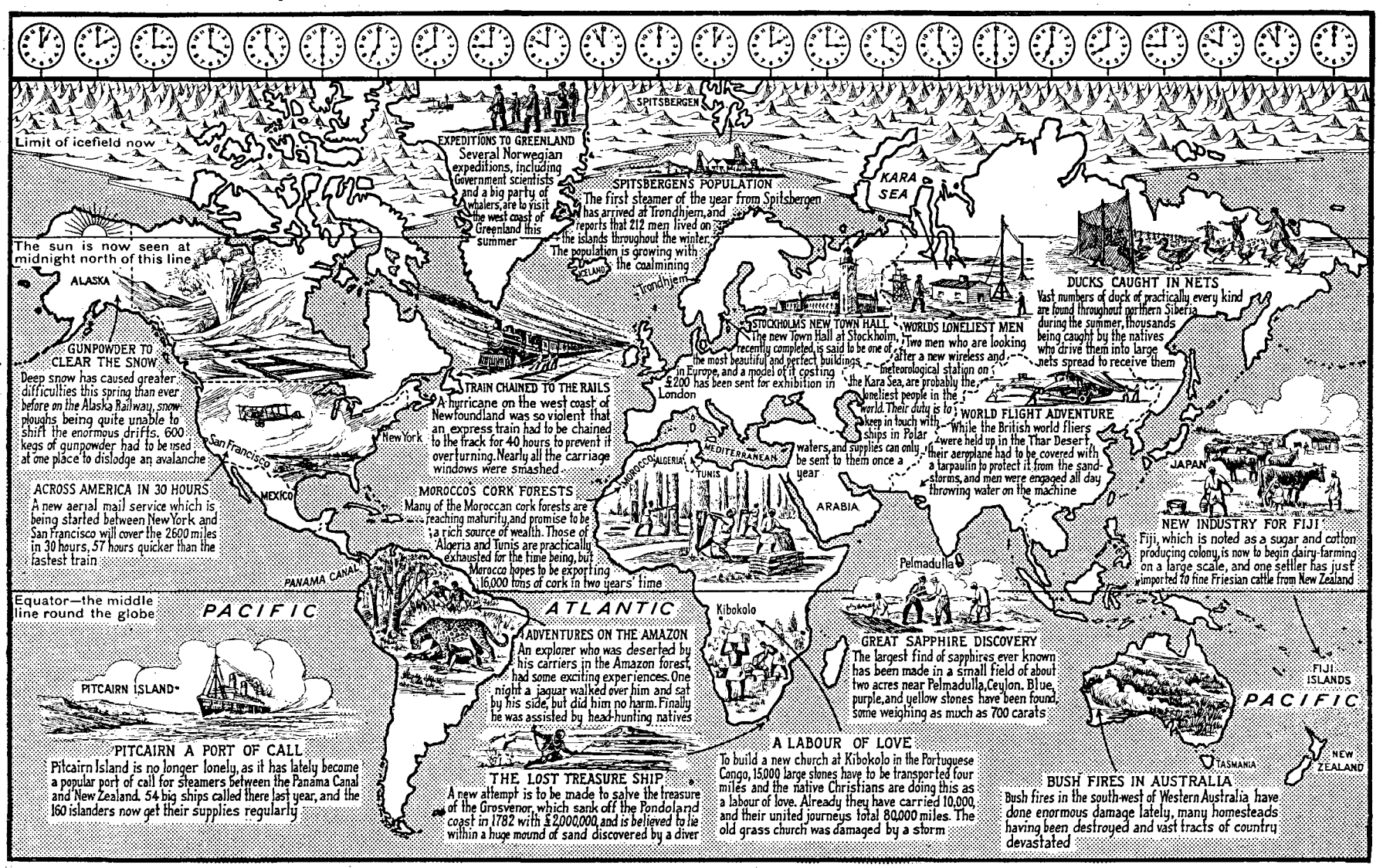
The following prices have lately been paid in the auction rooms for objects of interest.

Small silver Tudor cup	£9500
A 15th-century cup	£7600
Silver gilt toilet service	£6100
Elizabethan rock crystal ewer	£6000
Queen Mary silver tankard	£6000
3 James I silver candlesticks	£4700
A painting by Corot	£3465
Set of four Brussels tapestries	£3200
Painting by Fantin-Latour	£2730
French carved walnut cabinet	£2205
2 panels of Fulham tapestry	£1911
A drawing by David Cox	£1596
Charles I silver salt cellar	£1450
A silver goblet, 1587	£1300
Old Worcester tea service	£903
2 James I silver candlesticks	£420

At Christie's recently Swaythling silver realised over £90,000 in two days.

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PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



WAGES OF EUROPE'S WORKMEN

How the British Worker Stands

The Ministry of Labour continues to make its interesting comparisons of wages in different countries based on the amount of labour required to purchase the same amount of food.

It is only a rough comparison, for exact figures cannot be arrived at, but the result is of much value. Representing the wages in London by the figure 100, the wages in other European towns thus compare:

London	100	Prague	92
Berlin	48	Amsterdam	92
Paris	84	Vienna	47
Brussels	60	Warsaw	50

So that workmen in London are better off than in any of these foreign towns.

It is very different in America. The comparative figure for the United States and Canadian cities is about 200; but we have to remember that across the Atlantic they have largely escaped the terrible war troubles of Europe.

A GREAT PATRIOT

Those Who Shall Shine Like Stars

Cardinal Mercier, Archbishop of Malines, one of the great figures of the war period, has just celebrated his jubilee as a priest. He is 72.

Throughout the German occupation of Belgium he investigated and denounced the cruelties practised on his countrymen, and no one dare silence him. His famous pastoral letter on Patriotism and Endurance has become a classic.

The King and Queen of the Belgians and the Ministers of State attended his jubilee celebration in Malines Cathedral, and the Pope sent a message in which he said, "Those who shall have educated the peoples in the respect of justice will shine like stars in the firmament of future centuries."

DISCOVERER OF QUEBEC

Canada Copies a French Statue

The Government of Quebec has had a copy made of the statue of Jacques Cartier, the French discoverer of Quebec, which stands on the ramparts of his native town of St. Malo, Brittany, and Cartier is to stand in Canada.

Cartier was born in 1491, and in 1534 he sailed westward to find a sea passage to the Far East. He got to the north of Newfoundland and sailed down its west coast, missed the mouth of the St. Lawrence, and sailed up Chaleur Bay, believing he could get through there! After further wanderings he went home, but he returned the next year and sailed up the St. Lawrence, working his way as far as where Montreal now is.

In 1541 he went over again and built a fort near what is now Quebec, and annexed the country in the name of the King of France. He did not remain, however, and died at home in 1557.

POLITICS FOR AFGHANS

Going to School to Learn How to Govern

What would our Foreign Office clerks say if a rule were made that they should attend for two hours every day a school of politics, and receive instruction in international law, economics, financial and criminal codes, history, and geography?

Yet in Kabul that is what all but the most senior members of the Afghan Foreign Ministry are compelled to do; and they have to do it in their own time, even though the office hours may be longer than in Downing Street.

The school has a section, also, at which attendance is compulsory for all students who intend to enter any branch of the Government service.

THE PIGEONS OF ST. PAUL'S

A correspondent suggests that somebody should provide a bath for the pigeons which delight a little London crowd outside St. Paul's every day.

SARDINIA'S BIG WALL

Holding Up Thousands of Millions of Gallons of Water

The King of Italy has just opened the second largest dam in the world—the Tirso Dam in the island of Sardinia.

The total length of the wall is 722 feet, and there are 18 buttresses, the central ones being 228 feet high.

The water is supplied by the River Tirso, and the artificial lake formed by the dam is over 16 miles long, and contains over 30,000 million gallons of water. This makes it the second largest dam in the world, the largest being the Assuan Dam on the Nile.

The Tirso Dam has been built to provide electricity for the copper, iron, and zinc smelters in the neighbourhood, and four turbines, giving a maximum of 30,000 horse-power, have been installed.

In addition to this, the water will irrigate nearly 100,000 acres of grain-bearing land, an area larger than the Isle of Wight.

ALBANIA'S HARD LOT

New State's Misfortunes

Britain's example in promising money for the relief of distress in Albania has been followed by Italy, Czecho-Slovakia, and Spain, and by several philanthropic societies; and when other countries hear how much good is being done with the money we must hope they will contribute, too, for much more is needed.

Albania was created by international agreement, and its sponsors should feel some responsibility for its welfare.

The country has been suffering, rather curiously, from both droughts and floods, as well as from plagues of locusts; but she has suffered by having natural markets taken away by customs barriers.

It is hoped that, in spite of these difficulties, the Albanians will be able to make ends meet if they can be given fresh seed to replace what they have been obliged to eat, and fresh live-stock to replace what they have been compelled to sell.

WORLD'S WONDER BOOK

The Biggest Circulation in the World

Among the May meetings, as the annual assemblies of the Churches and religious societies are called, a prominent place is always taken by the meeting of the Bible Society. At this year's meeting some truly amazing facts and figures were revealed.

The Bible Society, 120 years old, belongs to no one Church; it serves and cooperates with all alike. Its task is to publish the Bible everywhere. During the past year eight new languages have been added to the list, and the Society's total is now 566. Of the latest new additions three are African languages; two are European; one is for the aboriginals of China; one for Florida Island in the South Seas; and one for South American Indians.

In over 130 languages the whole Bible has been issued, the New Testament in 130 more, while in the remainder various portions have so far been published. No fewer than 60 different scripts, or forms of writing, are used, many of them of a strange and mystifying character. More than 300 of these languages had not even an alphabet until one was written down in order that some part of the Bible might be given to the people in their own tongue. So that the first book these people had in their own language was a portion of the Bible, and in many cases it is even yet their only book.

The Bible Society's work, therefore, has a great educational and civilising value. It has been extended practically all over the world. The Society has large depots in over 100 chief cities, and a staff of nearly 1000 native Bible sellers. There is scarcely a country in the world to which one can go without finding its work going on. Last year more than 8,500,000 Bibles were issued, while in the 120 years of its history the society has distributed over 344,000,000 copies.

No other book in the world has even approached a record like this.

CHILDRENS NEWSPAPER
MAY 31 ❁ ❁ 1924

Are We Old or Young?

WE do not like to hear a Frenchman talking nonsense. M. Henri Barbusse has said so fine a word against war that it pains us to read what he has now been saying about the future of the human race.

Up to our own days, he writes, for a period of about a thousand years, England has exercised her world dominion; but now "the bottom is beginning to slip from under the feet of clay of this insular giant."

To begin with, England's world dominion, far from being a matter of a thousand years old, is an affair of yesterday. The whole wonder of Australasian civilisation dates from the last century; the engineers of the Canadian Pacific Railway are only just dead; and our Indian Empire is only a lifetime old.

We are a young people. We are only now at the beginning of our career as a World Power, and our idea of power is shared by our mighty cousin, America. It is an idea of world power—the influence of character on the destinies of the human race. Jingoism is as dead as Tom Thumb.

Let M. Barbusse consider one single fact concerning the England of this present time. During the last six years, after having played a not unworthy part in a great war, the people of these small islands have reduced their debt by a sum of £650,000,000—a fact which should be of considerable interest to France.

Our feet may be of clay, but at least they are feet that do not stand still. Moreover, they do not break under the terrible weight we carry on our shoulders. If M. Barbusse will be kind enough to examine this huge weight he will discover that we are carrying the burdens of many proud European nations as well as our own.

What we should like M. Barbusse to feel is that, considering the immense mental, physical, and financial strain of the Great War, Europe is every day behaving in a way which would encourage a far-sighted statesman to believe that her return to health is assured. Let him look back to the havoc left behind by Napoleon, and compare those long years of starvation, wretchedness, and revolution with the quiet and confidence of the present time.

To believe in the civilisation of Europe is to believe in the future of mankind; and to cherish that belief is to set about our daily work and our domestic duties in the only spirit which can overcome all the difficulties which Destiny may throw across the path of our future.

Never mind if our feet are of clay so long as our heads are not stuffed with wool.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE



Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the journalism of the world

Names and Labels

THERE is scarcely a flower in the world better known than the primrose, and yet none of the experts can agree as to its colour.

Spenser called it green. Milton, who called the cowslip yellow, calls the primrose pale. Artists, we are told, insist that it is a delicate green.

All of which teaches us that definitions are bothering things, and that we must content ourselves, for the most part, with having guesses at the mysteries of Nature.

❁

Peter Puck Puts on His Pads

Now chirps the Cricket on the Hobbs,
And drives long off our dumps,
While wingless Bats fly after lobs,
And dentists draw the stumps.

❁

Big Things and Little Things

By One who Rambles on

NIGHT by night the tide rolls in and out; night by night, somewhere, the Moon makes the world a silver shrine; animals in lonely places stand and brood and eat again or sleep again. Wave after wave of life, like long Pacific rollers, washes the shores of the world.

Sailors on night watches know it, and herdsmen on the open downs; mothers know it when they steal into their little ones' rooms before they go to rest, and see the deep stillness of the sleeping boy, gathering to himself something of this life force. *These are the big things that hide in darkness.*

Then the day comes, and a little bird sings on the willow down in the copse; the first snowdrop throws up her spike; a cottage door opens, and someone steps outside and laughs to the morning. *These are the little things that come with the dawn.*

The laughter, and the flowers, and the bird's song are growing out of the big things. And they are all the gift of God, in whom we live and move and have our being.

❁

A Problem

THEY were on the platform, going for a holiday, and little Rosie was looking thoughtful.

Her father, who had shouted angrily at the porter because they had lost the train, and at the station-master because the next train would not go for an hour, and at her mother for trying to comfort him, was now saying hard words to a meek stranger who had bumped into him; and, seeing how thoughtful she looked, her mother said to her:

"What is the matter, Rosie? What are you worrying about?"

"Well, Mother," answered Rosie, "I was wondering where Father had found his temper."

"What do you mean, child?"

"Why, I thought you said just now that he had lost it."

The Rich People and the Poor Pigeons

A NEW church has been opened in Monte Carlo. We hope the rich people who go there will offer a prayer for the poor pigeons butchered on the front every day.

❁

Better and Better

I AM a pugilist: each day I try
To hit my lower nature in the eye;
And if he is not yet knocked out, it's true
The horrid little chap is black and blue.

❁

Tip-Cat

LITTLE WILLIE has been voting in a German election. He is no longer one of the elect.

⊡

A TAILOR has had a picture accepted in this year's Academy. The sort of man who should be properly R.A'd.

⊡

LOOKING from Big Ben at 10.10, we found the Abbey Clock across the way at 10.20. Things move quickly at Westminster.

⊡

WE sympathise with the lady singer who objects to her audience walking about while she sings. But can they help it if her singing moves them?



PETER PUCK WANTS TO KNOW

If a short-legged man ever takes a long walk

⊡

MOST people like an indoor pursuit. They are often caught broadcatching.

⊡

PEARLS have been found in coconuts. They probably belong to Aunt Sally.

⊡

IT is announced that an Italian novelist is offering his manuscripts for sale. Many of our correspondents are doing the same.

⊡

CHERRIES from France cost fivepence each. They must have precious stones inside.

⊡

WE should, declares a speaker, bend our energies to the common task. But suppose somebody catches them bending?

⊡

MR. BERNARD SHAW considers there is no more contented man in England than Bernard Shaw. Quite self-satisfied.

❁

Melancholy Mirth

A GOOD story is told by the daughter of Lady Rose Weigall concerning Disraeli. Her mother was sitting next to the statesman at a dinner-party which was unpleasantly dominated by a lady with a very loud laugh. After one of this lady's outbursts of laughter, Disraeli turned to Lady Rose and remarked: "What a melancholy sound that is!"

Could a better word be found for laughter without mirth?

Rosemary Gardens

A Paradise for Two

We delight to find room for this picture of a garden in Cheltenham.

The writer, a schoolgirl of thirteen, tells her story with all the art of a master. She keeps the surprise to the end.

Who would not love to run away from an editor's desk to peep over this garden gate?

THE Rosemary Gardens are not large gardens, but they are very pretty ones. To reach them you walk along a rough path, under the branches of some apple trees, which are laden with fresh green leaves and pink buds.

No imposing greenhouse or gate meets your eye, but a card is hanging from the branch of a plum tree, with the words Rosemary Gardens printed on it in childish capitals, and before you lie the gardens.

The Office

They are situated in front of a wall, and continue until they reach a small wing jutting out from a larger house. This wing is composed of two rooms—one above the other, while on the door is printed The Rose Garden's Office.

Walking along the path towards the office you see two seed beds neatly divided by tiny grass paths. Next comes a piece of ground where Michaelmas daisies and sunflowers are crowding the ground with their green shoots. Then a delightful little water-garden meets your eyes, consisting of three small pools surrounded by moss, set in a rockery—where alpine plants are making brilliant splashes of colour against the dark brown earth. Tulips and narcissi are making a bright show under one office window, while under the other window wallflowers are making the air sweet with their fragrance.

The Money Box

When you have decided what to buy you knock at the office door and tell the gardener, if she is in the gardens; then she cuts the flowers, ties them up, and you give her the money (which never exceeds threepence). The money is put in a small brown box, and after a short chat you depart with less money in your pocket, but with a very pretty bunch of flowers in your hand.

Only two people ever buy anything out of those gardens; one is a gentleman, the other is his wife! They are the parents of the gardener.

As for that little lover of flowers, sometimes you may see her gardening in the gardens; at other times she is at school, for, after all, she is only a child. MURIEL M. MALVERN

❁

A Prayer by Robert Herrick

In the houre of my distresse,
When temptations me oppresse,
And when I my sins confesse,
Sweet-Spirit, comfort me!

When I lie within my bed,
Sick in heart and sick in head,
And with doubts discomforted,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the house doth sigh and weep,
And the world is drowned in sleep,
Yet mine eyes the watch do keep,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

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THE WELL IN THE DESERT

A GREAT DAY FOR ALGERIA

Fountain of Water that Saves Fifty Thousand Trees

THE STORY OF THE WELL-MEN

By a Correspondent in Algeria

To me the desert meant endless stretches of sand, drought, and forbidding solitude. Though it truly is an endless stretch of sand, the ground is tilled in places, and drought exists only in the mind of those who have not been there. The motor-car has broken the loneliness, and the desert is no longer an obstacle to travellers.

When we drove off from Biskra down to Touggourt we were impelled by mere curiosity, for we expected nothing except unpleasant jolting across parched ground. How great was our excitement, then, to get a sight of trains running over the sand; of telegraph poles, of lakes, of lively villages, of camels grazing, of nomads thronging to the north for the summer. Life was rushing everywhere from a supposed dead land, life happy and serene.

Plant Life in the Desert

But most enthralling of all is the plant-life of the desert—those beautiful palm groves stretching green and stately all along the way, delightful oases with their fresh vegetables, and a profusion of flowers to vie with those of our European gardens.

Chance was kind to us that day. Loud clamouring reaching our ears, we hastened on our way and found ourselves at the great celebration of the opening up of a new artesian well, a well with an enormous output of water, flooding the whole place before it made a bed for itself.

The stream of water; the display of Arab cavalry; the meharis, whose performance is only seen on festive occasions; the colour, pageantry, and the whole spirit of native rejoicings, were a sight indeed.

The Groves of Palm Trees

We were at M'raïer, an oasis of the Oued R'hir, an important centre of palm groves well known for its precious stretch of underlying water, probably seventy miles long and thirty miles wide.

Artesian wells keep these forests of palm fresh and green, but one of the wells had lately dried up, threatening death to some fifty thousand trees.

The digging of a new well was then begun, perhaps with some anxiety, for, though the underground water is there, engineers never know how deep the water lies, or what the output of a new well will be. So the work must be carried on at haphazard till the water is reached, and with doubtful results.

Reaching the Water

At M'raïer it happened that the borers, who could not work at a quick rate because of the silex and chalk, had to get as deep as 560 feet before reaching the expected bed, a depth they had never reached before. But they were well rewarded, for the output of water proved to be 40,000 cubic metres a minute, a volume unprecedented in this part. Hence the tremendous excitement of the people, natives as well as settlers. Not only were their threatened trees saved, but the marvellous well would secure enough water for new plantations!

"What is the history of these wells? What was the beginning?" I inquired of a native.

"I did not see the first," was the reply, "for it was built in 1897, and it has gone dry since; but it only lay 150 feet deep. One of the greatest points about that well is that the digging of it brought to light layers of fossil molluscs, the first evidence to support the old belief of the Sahara having been a sea in far-back times.

"We must not forget," he went on, "that the desert is the home of the oldest civilisations, and that the hydraulic inventions of the Sahara are a legacy of Egypt. The fear of thirst soon spread this technical knowledge among Arabs, and wells became not only water-providers, but landmarks for the caravans. Their neighbourhood was signalled by pyramids of stone visible from afar.

"Originally, no doubt, they were meant as a protection against sandstorms. In this houseless land a well was the only work of masonry. The wells were sacred. In the Touat they are worked on a hydraulic system, unique of its kind, except, perhaps, in some regions of Asia Minor. They are underground reservoir-aqueducts large enough for a man to walk along, with air holes to the surface. This mole-like labyrinth goes down to a depth of 180 feet in some places, and zig-zags along for miles.

"A few miles from Touggourt may still be seen a guild of divers who, suspicious of proceedings they do not know, will not share in these undertakings. They have their privilege of cleaning out their wells. They clean out the bottom of the well with their hands, heaping up the mud into a basket with great haste; then they go up to the surface to empty the basket! After a few years they die of consumption, but during their short lives they are held in great respect. They are looked upon as indispensable and are freed from taxation."

As we left the well and went back to our car, a rider rushed across breathless, conveying a telegram. It brought congratulations from the Governor of Algeria to the fortunate people of M'raïer.

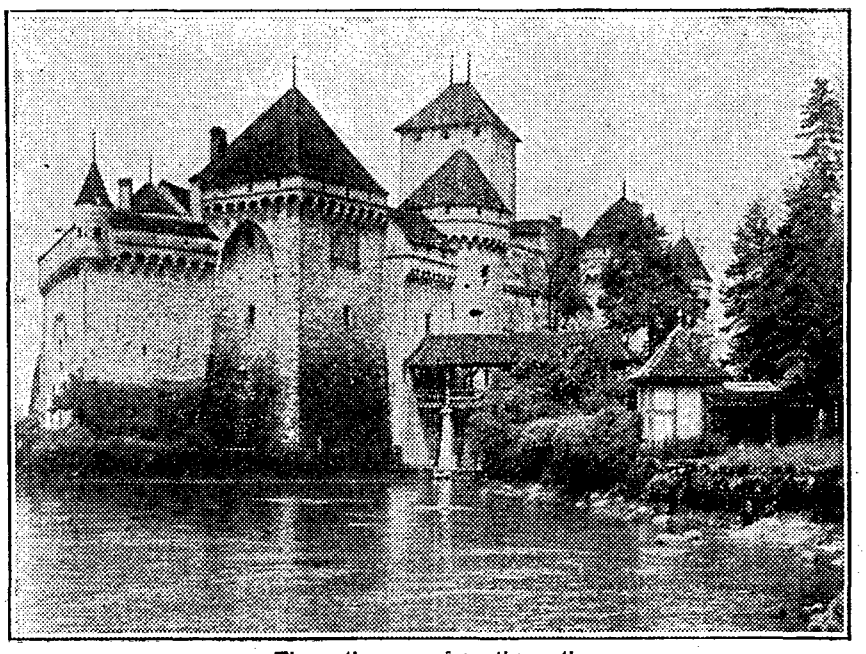
BLACKBIRDS IN SEARCH OF A HOUSE

GENERALLY birds live together in a neighbourly way, and are content to "live and let live," unless they are birds of prey; but an Oxfordshire reader describes an instance to the contrary, and we are sorry to be compelled to say that the offenders are two of our friends the blackbirds.

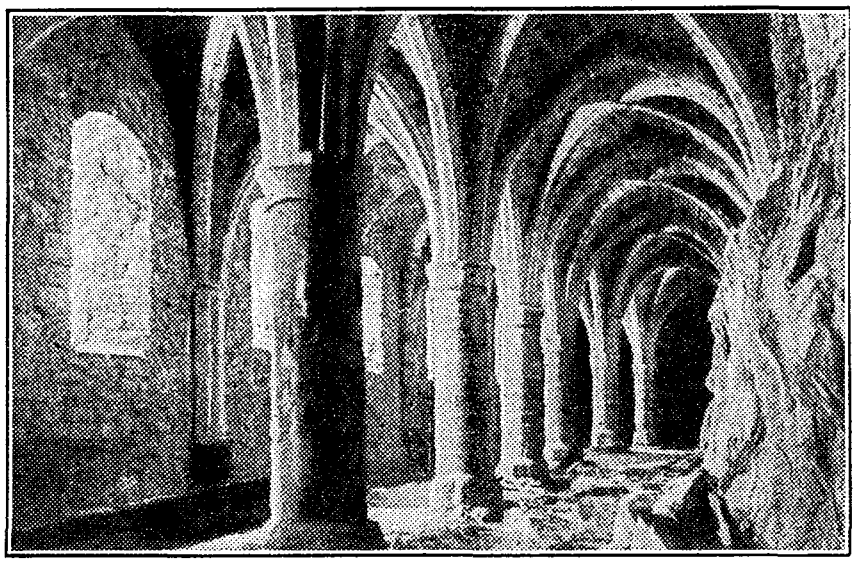
Hedge-sparrows have this year built a nest in a box tree in the vicarage garden, and, when some boys found it, two eggs had been laid. But what looked like an old nest had been jammed down on the hedge-sparrows' nest. They took it off. Next day they found it there again, and took it off again. Then they watched the place very carefully and to their astonishment they discovered blackbirds deliberately building their nest for the third time on the top of the hedge-sparrows' nest. Soon they finished it, and afterwards five eggs were laid in it. The hedge-sparrows could not get to their nest, where the two eggs still lay, and they gave it up in despair. Now there are five young blackbirds in the upper storey. It seems to be a case of the housing problem among birds.

May it not be that the blackbirds had made their nest there last year, and thought they had the first right to such a favourable site?

THE GRIM CASTLE OF CHILLON



The castle as seen from the south



The dungeon. Bonnivard was chained to the fifth pillar from the left

The Castle of Chillon, on Lake Geneva, famous as containing the dungeon where Byron's Prisoner of Chillon was kept a captive. The prisoner was Bonnivard, a scholarly priest who had given himself heart and soul to the struggle for freedom. **See next column**

THE MAN CHAINED TO A PILLAR

GRIM CASTLE A POET MADE FAMOUS

Old-Time Fight for Freedom Recalled in a Byron Festival

CASTLE OF CHILLON

Chillon! thy prison is a holy place,
And thy sad floor an altar—for 'twas trod,
Until his very steps have left a trace,
Worn, as if thy cold pavement were a sod,
By Bonnivard! May none those marks efface!
For they appeal from tyranny to God.

BYRON

The narcissi fields on the mountain slopes of Montreux, on Lake Geneva, are now in bloom, and the air is laden with their fragrant perfume. And here, this week, Swiss boys and girls have been taking part in the floral festival with which the Spring is always welcomed in. At the same time there has been a Byron celebration at the storied Castle of Chillon, which Byron made famous.

The Struggle for Freedom

Much of Byron's tale of the Prisoner of Chillon is imagined, but the true story is grim enough.

In that lonely castle, Bonnivard, scholar, priest, and gentleman, was shut up. He had given himself, heart and soul, to the great struggle for freedom which Geneva was waging in the fifteenth century, and had so drawn upon himself the hatred of the Duke of Savoy. Treacherously seized and thrown into one of the dungeons of Chillon, he lived there for six long years, chained to a pillar for most of the time, hardly any light coming through the narrow slits in the thick walls, with bare, jagged rock for floor on which to tramp endlessly back and forth.

Yet so great was his spirit that, when released, his first question was, "And is Geneva also free?" It was.

A Thousand Years Old

The castle was built more than a thousand years ago on a small rocky island close to the shore of the lake, where the mountains, dipping steeply to the water edge, left room only for a narrow pathway for travellers to and from Italy, and where their goods could easily be taxed.

Lonely and desolate, surrounded by rugged peaks, dense forests, and the wide-spreading water, it was first used as a fortress and prison. Later it was transformed into the mass of towers and turrets and battlements which today, by their beautiful proportions and their rich, soft colour, are in such contrast to the hotels and villas which line the lake-side and climb the adjacent hills.

In peaceful intervals it served as a home for princes; rich banquets and entertainments were held in its great halls; flags waved from its towers, and strains of gay music were wafted from its windows.

The Ring on the Pillar

Underneath were always those terrible dungeons, architecturally the most beautiful part of the castle. Through the windows, which have replaced the narrow slits, comes light enough today to illumine the beautiful vaulted roof, springing from the smooth round pillars which rest on the floor of solid rock. On one pillar is the ring to which Bonnivard's chain was fixed, and on another Byron carved his name.

This week, flags have again been floating from the turrets, music has filled the air, and the great Knight's Hall has been once more a place of festival. Scenes from Byron's poems were shown in pageantry, and from all parts of Europe men came to do homage to his memory. *Pictures on this page*

POWER

A GREAT TALK AT WEMBLEY

The First World Power Conference Ever Held

WHAT IT MEANS TO US

By Our Economic Correspondent

The most important world conference on wealth-making ever held is to take place at the great Wembley Exhibition in the first weeks of July.

Britain, the first country to use Power on a grand scale, has called together not only the nations of the British Empire, but all countries, to a World Power Conference, the first ever held. Thirty nations have promised to send delegates. What they are to discuss is really and truly the means to make mankind wealthier.

They will discuss the use of coal, water-power, oil, peat, and every other source of energy to drive engines, machines, railway trains, vehicles, ships, aeroplanes, and all other contrivances whose essence is Movement. By power we mean movement. The power to move things may be described as the power to make wealth.

The Road to Wealth

So the world will send its cleverest engineers to discuss the best way to utilise coal, raise steam, produce electricity, develop water-power, produce gas, work wireless, run ships, and develop road transport.

How many of us realise that it was not until the secrets of such things were discovered that it became possible for more than a few people to be comfortable? Before power-motors came to be used, and while men could only labour with their hands assisted by small tools, it was not possible to produce wealth in more than small quantities, nor was it possible for one nation to enjoy the products of other nations. Mankind had to be content with the very little they could themselves produce, and the products of their own neighbourhood.

Using Power Aright

So all men, everywhere, were necessarily poor. Even a rich man could only travel slowly and uncomfortably, and no man, however rich, could enjoy the fruit now sold in the street for the poor.

The World Power Conference matters to every country, but above all to us. Our people live by using power, and what we have to realise is that they cannot become better off than they are unless they learn *how to use power better than they now do.*

It cannot be said that we are yet doing our duty in this matter. We should use power better than we do to produce abundantly wealth and comfort. What stands in the way is that so many people do not trouble about the real source of our wealth, and are therefore content to go on in the old way.

How Things are Done

Everyone can help by taking an interest in engines and machines, and how they are run. Every boy should get acquainted with the fascination of science and its appliances. No boy should be content not to understand how a locomotive works, how electric light is produced, how a tube train runs, how the kinematograph creates its illusion, what happens when coal is burned, how wireless operates, and so on. The pursuit of all such things is at once a splendid game and good work.

When the majority of people know what magnificent work can be done as soon as we care to do it, we shall make the most of Power. Let us hope that the World Conference at Wembley will do much to direct attention to the first of material problems, and help Britain to make better use of her great resources.

A SPEED LIMIT FOR THE AIR?

Is it Inevitable?

A NATURAL LAW THAT MAY INTERVENE

Is there a speed limit beyond which the airman will be unable to fly, no matter how greatly his machine may be improved in the future?

Major L. H. Bauer, Commander of the American School of Aviation Medicine, thinks there is, and he gives his reasons, which seem very forcible. He thinks centrifugal force is the deciding factor, as in making turns at very high speed this force hurls the blood from the brain and causes the airman to lose consciousness instantly.

Centrifugal force pulls on the body and everything in the body that is able to move does so in the direction of the pull. The blood, being fluid, rushes in the direction in which it was going before the turn, while the head swings round, and the result is that the blood is driven from the head into the lower part of the body, causing anæmia of the brain. This brings on faintness and instant unconsciousness, and the serious consequences to the airman can be imagined.

FREE WAY TO THE MOUNTAINS

For Walkers or Stalkers?

What more delightful recreation can there be for busy town dwellers than a moorland walk or a mountain climb at the week-end or in the summer holiday?

Yet in Scotland more than two million acres of mountain and moorland are devoted to the rearing and stalking of deer, and from the greater part of this huge area the public are absolutely excluded.

Between the great industrial centres of Manchester, Sheffield, and Leeds are the moorlands of the Peak District and the Pennine Hills, but nearly all of these are closed, mainly for grouse. The same is true of a great many other wild places in England and Wales, so that we may well ask whether these great places exist for walkers or stalkers.

The House of Commons is now considering a Bill to give the public the right of access to the mountains and moorlands, providing that the owner of uncultivated land shall not be entitled to exclude from it anyone going there for recreation.

LONDON SHOPS MOVE WESTWARD

The High Rents of Bond Street

The shopkeepers of the City of London are still moving westward.

This change has been going on for some time, and it is now accelerated. When leases fall in in the City, it happens in many cases that a block of offices is built, and the old shop-front disappears.

The result is that shop rents in the West End are rising rapidly, and very high prices have to be paid in such fine thoroughfares as Regent Street. It is stated that for a small shop in Bond Street, with a frontage of only about twenty feet, a rental of £4000 a year is being paid!

THE NAME OF THE STATION

As They Do It in Turkey

A recent C. N. article on station names has brought a letter from a reader who thinks a hint as to the announcement of stations might be taken from a Constantinople line.

There, in a prominent place in the station, the name of the last station passed is given; then the name of the station in which the train stands; then the name of the next station.

The advantage of the plan, says our correspondent, is that the passenger always sees the name of the next station and is prepared to alight.

UNCLE SAM'S BEEHIVES

America Starts a New Farm

REMARKABLE INSECT WEATHER BUREAU

Uncle Sam has become a bee-keeper. The United States Government has recently started a bee-farm a few miles from the White House at Washington, and has installed nearly four million bees.

Perhaps the most remarkable part of the farm is the bee weather bureau. Immediately outside the experimental hives is a complete weather station in miniature, with anemometers, thermometers, barometers, hygrometers, and many other instruments, by the aid of which the men of science can study the behaviour of the bees in every possible condition of weather.

It has been found that during the heat of the day the bees are drowsy, but they become active if a cooling breeze springs up. During cold spells they huddle together for warmth. It has been discovered, too, that they are good weather prophets. They appear to know when a storm is coming, and make their way home before it bursts.

The Washington scientists have found that the bee has to rest after working for a certain period. The insects have no eyelids, and so are unable to close the eyes in sleep, but the worker bees have been seen to retire to secluded cells at intervals, and remain inactive for hours.

Experiments are to be made to determine the influence of ultra-violet rays on the bee. Though the bee is practically colour blind, it is attracted to flowers of different colours, and Dr. F. E. Lutz, of the American Museum of Natural History, suggests that the bee is able to perceive rays invisible to the human eye.

TRAVELS AND RHYMES

A Book to Keep Us Awake

Miss Marjorie Wilson, one of the charming writers of verse whose work appears in the C.N. monthly, has given us one of the most easy and natural and vivid of all books of poems for little folks. It takes its readers out to India, describing the places called at on the way. Then it brings the traveller back to England to love it all the more.

Here is a passing glimpse of Gibraltar, from "Children's Rhymes of Travel," published at 3s. 6d. by Blackwell, Oxford:

Gibraltar is a gate we passed
From England to the East,
Which watches over sea and shore
Like some old shaggy beast;
But when he goes to sleep, and dark
Is settling on his heights,
He is a giant's palace with
A thousand window lights.

The poems are full of close and delightful observation expressed with a simplicity equally charming for young and old. Take this contrast between an English wood and Indian jungle:

The trees that live in England
They wave their arms about,
And little paths of greeting
Run gaily in and out;
But trees that make the jungle
Are fortified and great,
And he shall find no welcome
Who enters by their gate.

Miss Wilson has the rare gift of simple verse that is not trivial or tame, and we wish this book a wide company of friends. It will not send you to sleep; it will keep you wide awake.

JAPAN LINKS UP HER ISLANDS

Longest Power Line Oversea

Japan is linking up her islands with electric power. A 100,000-volt transmission line is to carry power to Shikoku, 23 miles from the mainland, the towers being supported on intervening islands. It will be the longest over-water transmission line in the world.

THE WONDERFUL WEEK

Let Us Think on Good and Cheerful Things

A SEED OF GOOD THOUGHT

A sentence in a recent issue of My Magazine has led a good friend at Whitby to try to plant its thought for wider growth. This was the sentence:

Think what it will mean for mankind when, at a named hour, the entire human race concentrates for two or three minutes on broadcasting love, kindness, and encouragement throughout the whole wide world.

In the Whitby Gazette Mr. Leslie Gee has lately been discovering the possibility of bringing about such a united concentration on what is good. The suggestion is made that for one week in the year, to be called The Wonderful Week, only such good things as we read in the C.N. should be thought of, talked of, and read of, with the cultivation of goodwill towards all our fellow-men.

We quote the following paragraphs from Mr. Gee's interesting article:

We feel that there is purpose in life, that the present is but a single act in the drama of existence, one stage of the journey of mankind from the brute-like to the God-like; that disease and dirt and drink will be swept away; that one day men will be healthy in body and altogether sound in mind, living nobler and purer and happier lives than now; that all the secrets and powers of Nature will be discovered; that man will be lord of all things, wise, peaceable, splendid in character, and united by the cords of love.

We feel and know that such must be the purpose of life. We feel that whatever makes for evil or ugliness must defer the dawning of the day when such things shall be. We feel that whatever makes for goodness must hasten the dawning of that day.

Such, at least, is my philosophy. And yet, I am impatient. I would do something, however small, to make this world a better place. I have not known what to do. I do not yet know, but an idea has been born in my mind, and I pass on that idea to you, in the hope that it may, one day, develop into a greater power for good.

Let no one say that such an idea is too fine or too far-off. If it is so now, it will not always be so; and the mention of it may set many thinking on a higher plane than before. Every time an impossible thing is mentioned it is less impossible; every time it is believed in it is a little nearer coming true.

MOTHER'S DAY

And Mother's Monument

America honours her patriot mothers by setting aside an annual Mother's Day. Italy is to do so by erecting a monument at Florence.

The monument is intended to celebrate the heroism of Italian mothers who kept the flame of patriotism burning in the army while their sons were dying at the front.

Money for the monument has been collected in Rome at the tomb of Italy's Unknown Warrior, and Signor Mussolini and his Cabinet went in procession to the tomb to make their contribution. The tomb is on one of the lower tiers of the monument to Victor Emmanuel II., in whose reign Garibaldi and Cavour won Italian unity.

England, by the by, once had a Mother's Day—the fourth Sunday in Lent. It was called Mothering Sunday, because on that day girls out in service visited their mothers at home and gave them a cake of their own baking.

A RICH MAN'S IDEA

The Influence of Trust

To raise funds for a children's hospital a New York philanthropist chose a thousand citizens at random, and sent to each a dollar bill. In an accompanying letter he stated that they could keep the money if they wished, but asked them to add a donation of their own and return both to the hospital.

The scheme was a tremendous success.

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C.N. QUESTION BOX

All questions must be asked on postcards: one question on each card, with name and address. The Editor regrets that it is not possible to answer all the questions sent in.

How did the Romans Make Their Calculations?

By means of an abacus and with little pebbles or counters of ivory or metal.

What is a First Cousin Once Removed?

The son or daughter of a first cousin, that is, the grandson or granddaughter of an uncle or aunt.

What is the Normal Temperature of a Cat?

A cat's temperature varies from 38·3 degrees Centigrade to 38·9 degrees, or about 102 degrees Fahrenheit.

Why is Cream so much more Expensive than Butter?

Because it deteriorates so quickly, and owing to its liquid nature costs much more to pack.

What is a Tunmoot?

In early English history a tunmoot was an assembly of a town or village. It was not a judicial court, but a kind of parish council to arrange the village life and industry.

How Long does Uranus take to Rotate on its Axis?

No one can say for certain. Some astronomers have thought the period 8 hours 27 minutes, and others approximately 10 hours.

Who Made the First Map of the World?

The ancient Egyptians and Greeks made maps of the then known world, but Mercator, in 1569, was the first to represent the world with any accuracy on a plane surface.

Why does a Match Flame Burn Upward?

Because it heats the air round about, making it lighter, so that it rises, and the upward current keeps the flame upright. A draught will make the flame move in another direction.

What Causes Chicken-pox?

This infectious disease, which arises from contagion, is due to the reception in the system of a poison which, after an incubation of from 13 to 20 days, shows itself by an eruption on the skin.

How is Dry Glair Used?

Glair is the white of egg. When dried it is frothed up with the addition of a drop or two of vinegar, and is applied to places which are to be gilded to insure the adhesion of the gold leaf.

What is an Oast-house?

An oast-house is a kiln for drying hops. The word oast is a later spelling of the Anglo-Saxon word ast, meaning a kiln or drying-house, and it is allied to a Greek word meaning a burning heat.

Why is the West of an English Town the Best Part to Live in?

The prevailing winds in England are westerly, and the soot and smoke from chimneys is therefore blown in an easterly direction, making the east end dirtier and gloomier than the west end.

How High up does the Atmosphere Extend?

As a gas tends to expand and occupy all the space open to it, the only limit that can be set theoretically to the atmosphere is 21,000 miles, where centrifugal force overcomes gravitation. But the greatest height at which the atmosphere gives an indication of its presence is about 186 miles.

Why does Salt make Us Thirsty?

A certain amount of salt is required in the blood, and if this is exceeded, as it is when we eat too much salt, we must get the saltness of the blood down again to the right proportion. The simplest way of doing this is to get more water into it, and so the body, by means of thirst, cries out for water.

Did a Great Explosion Occur in London in 1880?

Yes; on July 5, 1880, about 6.30 p.m., when workmen were cutting out the joint of the main gaspipe near Tottenham Court Road, a terrific explosion occurred in some unknown way, followed by several others. Great parts of Percy Street and Charlotte Street were completely wrecked, two workmen were killed, and hundreds of houses bombarded by stones. A dozen people were seriously injured.

What is the Exact Length of a Year?

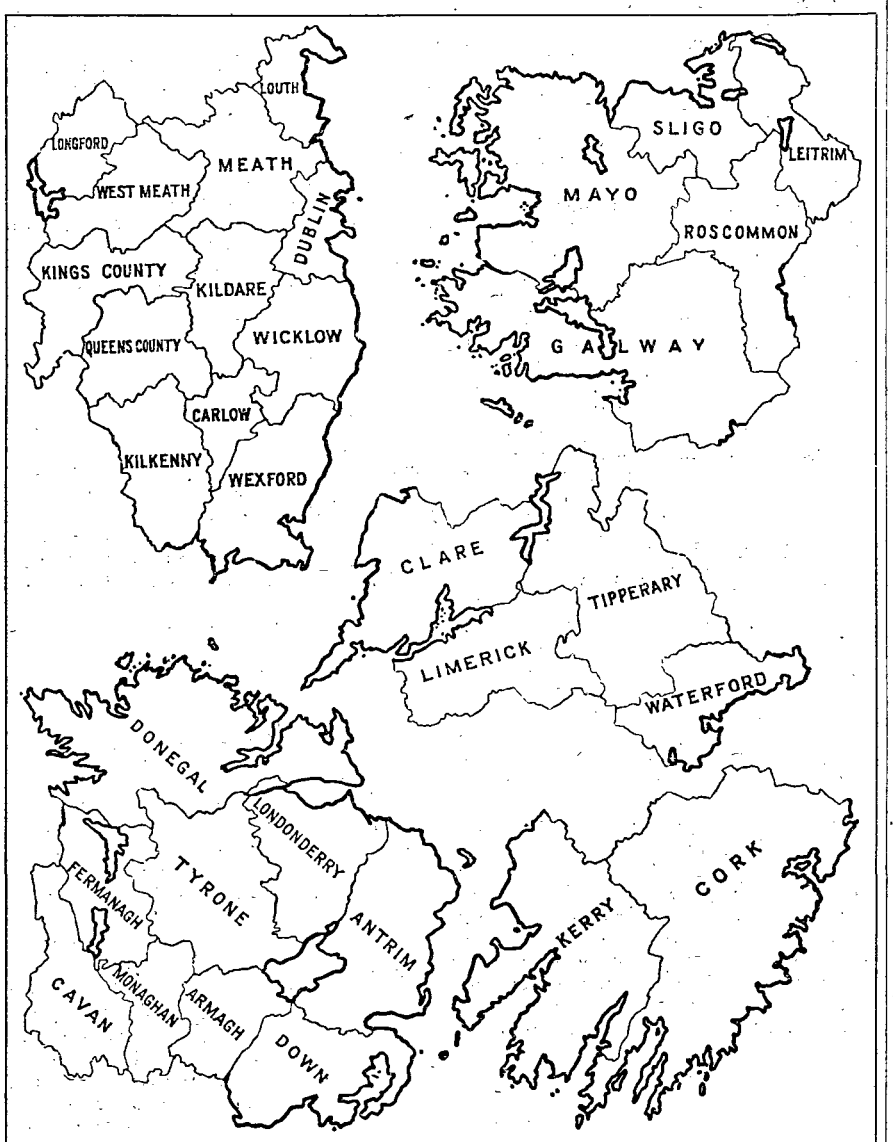
There are various kinds of years, with different lengths. A sidereal year, the actual period in which the earth makes one revolution in its orbit, is 365 days, 6 hours, 9 minutes, 9 seconds. The anomalistic year, the interval between two successive passages of perihelion by the earth (that is, when it is nearest to the sun), is 365 days 6 hours 13 minutes 53 seconds. The tropical year, which is the calendar year, is the time taken by the ecliptic to the same point again, and is 365 days 5 hours 48 minutes 46 seconds.

£125 FOR READERS

Last Week of the C.N. Map Contest

Here is a map of Ireland divided into sections. Last week a map of Scotland, similarly divided, was given, and the week before a map of England and Wales.

The Editor of the C.N. will give £50 to the reader who cuts out, pastes up, and colours these sections in the best way, with either paints or crayons, so as to make a complete map of the United Kingdom. £5 each will be



given to the next five competitors in order of merit, and 100 other prizes of 10s. each. The maps can be pasted up on a card or stiff paper.

Cut out the coupon given here, pin it to your map, and post to C.N. Map, Gough House, Gough Square, London, E.C.4, to arrive by June 12.

More than one map may be sent in by a competitor, but each must be complete in itself and have a separate coupon attached to it.

No maps can be returned, no correspondence entered into, and the Editor's decision is final. The result will be published in the C.N. as soon as possible. Employees of the proprietors of this journal are not eligible to compete in the contest.

In entering the C.N. Map Contest I agree to accept the Editor's decision as final.

Signed

Address

.....

POOR SOLDIERS

Charles Stuart on the Way to the Scaffold

Volumes have been written about the last days of Charles the First, but the following quotation from the words of an eye-witness, quoted by Mr. John Beresford, in a new book of gossip of the time, seems new to us:

His Majesty being taken away by the Guards, as he past down the Stairs the Soldiers scoffed at him, casting the Smoke of their Tobacco (a thing very distasteful to him) in his Face, and throwing their Pipes in his Way. And as he heard the Rabble of Soldiers crying out (in his passage), "Justice, Justice," he said, "Poor Soldiers, for a piece of Mony they would do so by their Commanders."

These words must have been almost the last that were spoken by the king before he reached the scaffold.

PUSSY COMES TO TOWN

A Traffic Story

A suburban lady writes of an incident seen in London the other day.

I have an Irish lady staying with me, and she has been greatly impressed by the perpetual wonder of the London police as they stop the traffic in a moment by the lifting of a hand.

After a day's shopping in town she said to me: "I saw the most wonderful thing today. I was in a bus when suddenly it was stopped, and all the traffic was held up. We craned our necks to see what was keeping us, and then from the island in the middle of the street, where a policeman was standing, a mother cat dashed across to the pavement opposite *with a kitten in her mouth.*

"When she was safely over, the policeman allowed the traffic to go on."

JUPITER AT HIS BRIGHTEST

GIANT PLANET COMES NEARER THE EARTH

Mighty Star 400 Million Miles in Diameter

THE LARGEST KNOWN SUN

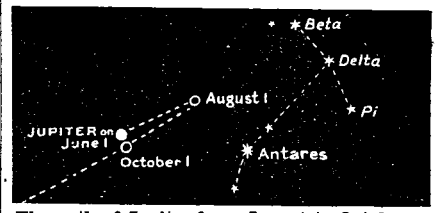
By Our Astronomical Correspondent

By Saturday, June 7, Jupiter will be at his nearest to us for this year—399½ million miles away. Then we shall see him at his brightest, though for two months any diminution of his lustre will be scarcely perceptible.

Until the end of October, Jupiter will continue to be a prominent and beautiful object in the evening sky, thus sharing the glory with his rosy rival Mars, long after Venus and Saturn have sunk in the west. But Mars is to come.

Jupiter has even now a rosy companion, appearing not very far away, the immense, sparkling sun Antares, the star representing the Scorpion's Heart, and known as Alpha Scorpii.

The position of this celestial ruby, together with several other brilliant stellar gems belonging to the Scorpion, is shown on our star map, from which it



The path of Jupiter from June 1 to October 1

will be seen that Antares is some way to the right of, and almost on a level with, Jupiter between 11 and 12 p.m.

Later, Jupiter will be seen to be at a higher altitude than Antares. He is about twelve times the Moon's apparent width away from the star.

It should be explained that in the star maps appearing with these articles, the tilt of each one varies a little, relative to the horizon, according to the time at which the object is viewed, and its distance from rising or setting.

The apparent path of Jupiter during the next four months is also shown on the map, and it will be interesting to watch this splendid planet from week to week getting nearer to Antares. By the first week in August, he will appear almost to stand still, and return again along a slightly more southerly path to a point just below where he is now, which he will reach by October 1. This singular movement is chiefly due to the changing point of view from which we view Jupiter in our curved path round the Sun.

Flashes of Green

Antares was long regarded as a remarkable star because of the flashes of green light frequently perceptible among his red rays. These flashes were found to be due to the green light of a far more distant star, which appeared to be very close to Antares.

Antares is now found to have a diameter of between 360 and 420 million miles. He is therefore the largest known sun in the Universe, and his width would extend all the way from the Earth to Jupiter at present.

He is known to be a colossal globe of glowing gas, alternately expanding and contracting, and gradually but comparatively slowly parting with his energy, by radiating his light and heat into space. As he parts with its energy he will get smaller, and be transformed into a white hot furnace of raging elements. G. F. M.

Other Worlds. Mars rises about an hour after midnight. Jupiter is in the south-east, Saturn in the south, and Venus in the west of an evening.

EAGLE FEATHER

A Tale of White Men Among the Red Men

Set down by John Halden

CHAPTER 33
Mr. Halifax is Disabled

In the white men's camp, meantime, preparations were being made to push onward into the wilderness.

The announcement that Danny had been sent as hostage to the Indians threw a gloom over the settlers for a time, but, mingled with their sympathy for Mrs. Halifax, there was a great sense of relief that the Indians had decided to cease their hostility.

Winter was only a little way off, so there was no time to be lost. Leaving David to direct preparations in camp during his absence, Mr. Halifax, accompanied by some of the other backwoodsmen, went out ahead into the wilderness road to see what conditions the caravan was likely to meet.

David brought in a number of deer for the women to make into jerky. As much fresh food as possible was packed for consumption en route. The cattle, milk cows, and swine, fat and rested by their uninterrupted feeding in the rich valley, were got together, and everything was ready for the final push.

Then suddenly Jake Simpson staggered into camp with bad news.

"Your father's broken his hip!" he gasped to David. Jake had evidently been running for hours.

"Davie! Go and find him!" cried Mrs. Halifax in an agonised voice.

"Where is he, Jake?" demanded David, white to the lips.

Simpson was now recovering his breath.

"It's all right; Anderson and MacDonald are bringing him along on a stretcher," he said. "I set the bone and bandaged it. It'll heal when he has had rest and quiet."

"How did it happen?" said Mrs. Halifax.

"A tree fell on him," explained Jake. "We were trying to widen the trail so that the wagons could pass."

"Is the trail so narrow?" asked David anxiously.

"Yes; evidently Boone and his men only meant it for a horse trail. Naturally they couldn't widen it much in the time they had; the forest is very thick. We'll have to abandon the wagons here and go on by pack horse."

A wave of consternation swept over the women of the group.

"I'd rather go straight back again than abandon my grandmother's mahogany set!" cried Mrs. Anderson tearfully.

"Well, you can't take it on pack horses!" said Jake decidedly.

There was something in the tone of Jake's voice that made David look at him more closely. It was triumph. Jake was not a bad sort, but he coveted power and was, on occasion, a bully of the first water. It was in the natural course of things that, Mr. Halifax being disabled, Jake Simpson should take his place as leader of the settlers.

David, realising this, felt a chill of apprehension. Into what dangers and indiscretions might the settlers not be led by a man of Jake's rash and impulsive temper!

But David's first care must be for his father. Taking restoratives, he went out to meet the men who were bringing Mr. Halifax back.

He found them a few hours' march from camp. Stretcher-bearers and invalid were alike exhausted. Mr. Halifax, indeed, had been reduced to semi-consciousness by pain and fatigue, and a dose of the stimulant David had brought was necessary to bring him to his senses.

"David," he murmured then, "I am very worried about something I must tell you about."

"Wait, Father, till we get back to camp," replied his son. "You must not exhaust your strength."

The invalid acquiesced, and lay back quietly while David gathered soft cushions of moss to prop the injured limb and make his father lie more comfortably on the improvised stretcher.

When Mr. Halifax had been made to lie as easily as possible David took one end of the stretcher, and, with the other two men taking turns at the other end, they hurried back to camp.

Mrs. Halifax stood at the edge of the wilderness watching, and, as soon as she saw them, came running down the trail to throw herself on her knees beside the injured man.

She had had many troubles lately, and even her strong heart faltered at the thought of pushing farther into unknown dangers.

"Dear," she murmured, "let us turn back. It is too much!"

Her husband patted her head comfortingly.

"Is this my brave Elizabeth?" he said gently. "We have already risked too much to turn back now."

"Father will soon be well, I think, Mother," interposed David; and spoke as truly as he knew. "I have gone over the place where the bone is broken and I think it is well set. It is only a matter of time and quiet till it heals."

Mrs. Halifax dried her eyes quickly.

"I am sorry," she said. "It was only the weakness of a moment."

She turned to the two men who had brought her husband back.

"I thank you more than I can say," she said. "The camp is only a little way now, and Nancy has some hot soup and food ready for you. You must be very tired and hungry."

The men were indeed very tired. Their long days of wandering in the wilderness, with the added strain of carrying the injured man, had tried their strength sorely. They took up the stretcher at one end without a word, and, with David at the other end, made their way back to where rest and food were awaiting them.

CHAPTER 34
David and Simpson

There were many exclamations of pity when the little group entered the settlers' camp. Little Annabel threw her arms weeping about her father's neck, but Nancy, quiet as was her custom when deeply moved, served the wayfarers with hot soup, and helped to get her father to bed.

When he had been made as comfortable as was possible with the pain of his broken bone, she sat silently beside him, bathing his feverish forehead with cool water from the stream.

Simpson, when he had finished his meal, looked in to see how his patient was progressing. He examined the hastily improvised splints and professed himself satisfied with their arrangement, then bled the sufferer in the approved manner of medicine of that day. This done, he ordered Mrs. Halifax to brew certain herbs as a drink for her husband, and sat down to talk.

"I may as well say right now, Josh, that I'm not trusting the Redskins the way you've done so far," he said, stretching his legs importantly and pushing his thumbs into his belt. "We've got to abandon the wagons here and go on the rest of the way by pack-horse. That's a mighty dangerous way to travel through an Indian-infested country.

"So I'm having all the men ride in front and behind with their guns ready. The first Indian that shows his head out of the underbrush, they shoot. It's all very well cheering up the women by talk of the Indians being friendly now. But I trust no live Indian. I like my Redskins dead!"

Jake chuckled at his own humour, and Mr. Halifax, weak from the bleeding, and distracted with pain, could only groan.

Nancy and David, sitting beside their father's bed, exchanged a look tense with apprehension. Was this to be the end of all their sacrifices and endeavour to hold the friendship of the Indians? They knew now the chief cause of their father's worry.

David was moved to ineffectual protest.

"You know, Jake, there are several thousand Indian braves in the wilderness," he said quietly. "Fifty of them could massacre the whole lot of us, men, women, and children, if they started to shoot us from ambush on the wilderness trail. They'll do it, if you break the treaty of peace."

Jake Simpson gave him a sour look.

"I'm taking no advice from you, Dave," he growled. "I've got a son of my own, if I should feel the need of boy's counsel."

"And a lot of good Sam's counsel is to anyone!" cried Nancy impulsively, and would have continued, but David interposed.

"Never mind, Nan. Jake's set on having his own way. No good our arguing."

Nancy's young mouth set in a firm line. As for David, he felt a depression that was almost despair sweep over him. He saw clearly that Jake's leadership would lead to enmity with the Indians, with the odds a thousand to one against the whites. It would be better to turn back. And yet to turn back now, after all they had suffered and endured. . . .

After a moment of silence, in which Mr. Halifax lay with his eyes closed, seemingly asleep, Jake rose and went sullenly out, muttering something about, "Young upstarts that try to teach grown men their business!"

Mr. Halifax turned his head on the pillow when Jake had gone, and reached out with his hand to where David's lay on the counterpane.

"Dave!" he said in a firm voice. "You've got to take on the leadership of the settlers."

David looked at his father in astonishment.

"I?" he said. "But they will never allow it. Jake is the second man in the caravan. It is obvious that he is the one to take your place. The others will support his claims."

"Then I will not relinquish my place as leader!" answered his father. "You must act as my deputy. I'm not so disabled that I can't guide this band through the wilderness road yet, if I have the support of your strength. What you must do now is to force Simpson to give up his plans for the leadership, and convince him that I am still at the head and you are my spokesman."

"Right!" said David, grasping his father's hand. His depression rolled off him, and he felt almost light-hearted as he looked forward to the struggle with Simpson.

Leaving Nancy to care for his father, David went out immediately to the fray. In the growing dusk he saw Simpson holding forth beside the fire to a group of men.

"We'll load up the pack-horses as soon as it's light to-morrow morning, and start on the trail," Jake was saying, amid an approving murmur from the others.

"And I'm saying right now," continued Jake expansively, "that there's going to be no more of this chicken-hearted kow-towing to the Redskins while I'm leader of the caravan. I say the Indians are jackals and coyotes and ought to be shot off as such. The white man is master here and everywhere else, and if the Indians hinder him in what he wants to do, they ought to be exterminated."

David could not bear to listen to any more of this foolish talk. He stepped resolutely out into the light of the fire.

"Jake," he said quietly, "I have just come from my father, who wishes me to tell you that he has not relinquished his position as leader of this caravan, and that he means to continue to direct its movements. Our policy toward the Indians will be the same as before."

"What!" snarled Jake, whirling on David. "What have you got to say about it? I've had enough of your interfering!"

"I am only spokesman for my father," answered David, unperturbed. "He is still leader of the caravan, and as able to direct it as he ever was."

"Well, if that's so," spoke up one of the men, "I reckon you'd better step down, Jake. Josh is head of this expedition, and as long as he'll lead us we ain't aiming to change."

"I tell you Josh is a sick man!" cried Simpson angrily. "He isn't fit to lead."

"Father's head is as good as it ever was. Only his leg is broken, and when it comes to a tricky business like the journey before us, a steady brain in a disabled body is more useful to us than a muddled brain in a strong man," retorted David.

"That's right," said Anderson, with an air of having pondered the problem thoroughly. "I think you're too quick-tempered, Jake. Especially now that they've got Danny Halifax as hostage, we ought to go slow with the Indians."

"Danny should never have been sent to the Indians," growled Jake in reply. "If my advice had been asked I'd have said so. But now that he's gone, he'll have to take his chance. I've got my own family to consider, and I say that the only safe Indian is a dead one."

David was about to answer this when he saw Nancy run out of the Halifax wagon and whisper something to his mother. Mrs. Halifax, with a frightened look, put down the herbs she was brewing and hurried to her husband. David sensed that some catastrophe had occurred and in a moment he knew what it was. Sam, who had looked in on the invalid in passing, came running down to his father.

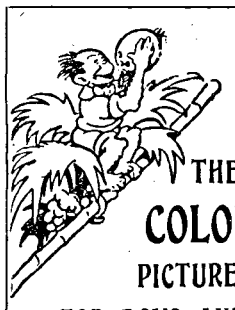
"Mr. Halifax has gone delirious with the fever!" he announced. "He's babbling a lot of nonsense in there now. He looks mighty sick."

The settlers about the fire murmured sympathetically, but Jake turned with an air of triumph to David.

"That settles it!" he proclaimed. "If your father's out of his head, he certainly can't lead this caravan any further. Now I'm boss here, and what I say goes."

For answer David doubled up his fists. "You'll have to fight me first, Jake Simpson," he said.

TO BE CONTINUED



THE JOLLY COLOURED PICTURE PAPER FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

JUNGLE JINKS is the jolliest paper imaginable. Every week it is packed with funny pictures and jokes, conjuring tricks, catches, riddles, and puzzles, jolly working toys which are ever so easy to make up, and all the features which you will most enjoy. Buy a copy TODAY.

JUNGLE JINKS

2d. Every Thursday.

Who Was She?

A Queen of England

Born in a palace, the daughter of a prince and the granddaughter of a lawyer who reached high office and then fell into dire disgrace, a young girl lost her mother when she was only six years old.

She was a sickly child and was sent abroad for the benefit of her health, and on returning to England she had as a playmate another girl about five years older than herself. A friendship grew up between the two, and years afterwards, when the prince's daughter became a queen, the playmate of her earlier years exercised great influence in affairs of State.

When she was only 18 the young princess married a foreign prince, an indolent but good-natured man, and they had many children, not one of whom survived childhood.

The princess's father came to the throne, but in religion and in his ideas of kingly government he was the opposite of all that his people desired, and after a short and unhappy reign, during which many cruelties were practised, he lost his throne and had to flee the country, never to return to it.

The princess and her sister had no sympathy with their father's views, and when he fled, the sister and her husband were called to the throne. The princess, however, quarrelled with her sister, and, led by her companion, plotted against the new rulers, though with no particular result.

Later, when they died, she herself became queen, and her companion exercised very great political power. The husband of this companion was a successful general and won many great victories for England, so that his name stands out on the page of history as one of the most brilliant commanders England has ever produced.

After a time the queen quarrelled with her companion and adviser, and they parted, never to meet again. As an adviser and confidante, the queen took a cousin of her former friend, and this woman now exercised very great power. The government was changed, and the whole policy of the country took a new turn.

The new ministers, however, quarrelled among themselves, and the queen had a rather unhappy time. Her reign is famous for one great peace achievement quite as brilliant as the war victories of her general, and that was the union of the government and



parliaments of the two parts of her kingdom. This brought nothing but good, and its benefits have lived to the present day. The queen's name is better known than her career. Here is her portrait. Who was she?

Green are the Woods and Fair the Flowers

Dr MERRYMAN

A WORKMAN looked at the detailed account of the work he had done, counted his money, and then asserted that he had not been paid enough.

"Very well," said the cashier. "Reckon it up for yourself. Here's a ready reckoner."

The workman looked very puzzled as he turned over the pages of the book, and then, happening to glance at the title page, he exclaimed indignantly:

"But this book is no good; it was published last year!"

⊡ ⊡ ⊡

Buried Flowers

THE name of a flower is buried in each of the following sentences. Can you find them?

Shall I put this scrap in Kate's album?

Tell your father I called to see him.

What lovely hair! I should like mine to curl like it.

If that man is insane, money should not be given him.

My cousin Ada is your sister-in-law.

My brother is gone to Japan, Syria, and India.

Will Mr. Carlo be liable for this?

Hark! how Tom and Sarah are bellowing in the nursery.

I read to that poor Negro several times a week.

This case is urgent; I anticipate a good sum. *Answer next week*

⊡ ⊡ ⊡

Do You Live at Northampton?

THE hampton in this word, as in Southampton, means home town or homestead, and both names are local descriptions dating back about a thousand years.

⊡ ⊡ ⊡

WHEN may a bird be said to occupy a feather bed? When it sleeps on the wing.

⊡ ⊡ ⊡

The Camel was Bored

GROANED a camel, "As onward I stump
I grow weary of sand in the lump.
If some grass I could see
I should chortle with glee,
But this desert quite gives me the hump!"

⊡ ⊡ ⊡

WHAT letter of the alphabet is necessary to a shoemaker? The last.

⊡ ⊡ ⊡

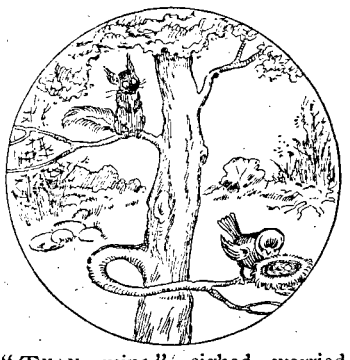
A Beheaded Word

MY whole, I trust, you'll never do
To any friend or neighbour.
Behead me, and I'll tell to you
What makes the steam-engine go through
Such an amount of labour.
Another letter take away,
And then you'll quickly find
What you'll do nearly every day,
And so will all mankind.
Once more behead me, and you'll see
A preposition then I'll be.
Answer next week

WHAT is that which the more we take from it the larger it grows? A hole.

⊡ ⊡ ⊡

The Intruder



"THAN mine," sighed worried Mrs. Bird,
"No lot could be much harder.
A squirrel is my neighbour and
He makes my nest his larder!"

⊡ ⊡ ⊡

Up and Down

A LITTLE girl wrote in her diary: "Got up at seven; went to bed at eight."

Mother suggested that it would sound a little better to say, "Rose at seven."

The little girl therefore scratched out the entry and wrote: "Rose at seven; set at eight."

⊡ ⊡ ⊡

What Is It?

THE poet Schiller wrote this verse. Can you guess what he means?

A bridge weaves its arch with pearl
High over the tranquil sea.
In a moment it unfurls
Its span, unbounded, free.
The tallest ship, with swelling sail,
May pass beneath its arch with ease.
It carries no burden, 'tis too frail,
And when you approach it flees.
With the flood it comes, with the rain it goes,
And what it is made of nobody knows. *Answer next week*

⊡ ⊡ ⊡

Very Convenient

AN old farmer who had come to London for the first time to see the British Empire Exhibition was walking along the Strand, looking for a Wembley bus, when he stopped to light his pipe.

As he did so he heard a cry of "Matches, sir?" and, turning round, saw a street hawker offering him a box of matches.

Taking the box from the hawker, the farmer struck a match, lighted his pipe, and returned the box, saying:

"Aye, London is a wonderful place! Everything handy for visitors."

⊡ ⊡ ⊡

WHAT word is shorter for having a syllable added to it? Short.

⊡ ⊡ ⊡

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

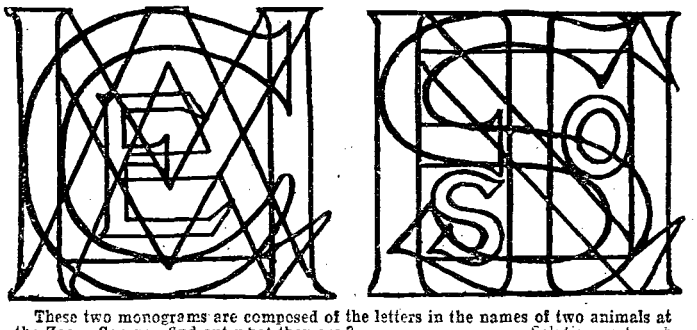
A Riddle in Rhyme Wellington

What Am I? A book

A Hidden Word Puzzle

Penholder. Pump, Ear, Nut, Hat, Owl, Ladder, Die, Eagle, Razor.

Monograms of the Zoo Animals



These two monograms are composed of the letters in the names of two animals at the Zoo. Can you find out what they are? *Solution next week*

Jacko Goes Shopping

MRS. JACKO went out shopping one afternoon. The sales were on, she said, and it was a pity to miss them.

"Besides, I haven't a thing to wear," she declared.

Mr. Jacko wasn't at all pleased when he heard about it. He said she would spend a lot of money and get nothing she wanted.

But Mrs. Jacko's mind was made up.

Jacko wanted to go, too. He loved sales, with people pushing each other and losing their temper over the bargains.

But Mrs. Jacko was very doubtful about taking him.

"It's not that I'm ungrateful, my dear," she said, "but——"

"You'll be sorry if you take him," said Mr. Jacko. "Anybody with half an eye can see the boy is up to some mischief."

Jacko was most indignant. He said he would be the greatest help to his mother, and carry her parcels. And at last she said she hadn't the heart to disappoint him, and they started off.

When they got to the town they found lots of people were looking in the shop windows. The biggest crowd was round a shop where a notice had been put up saying, "Everything Half Price"; and nothing would content Mrs. Jacko but that they should go inside.

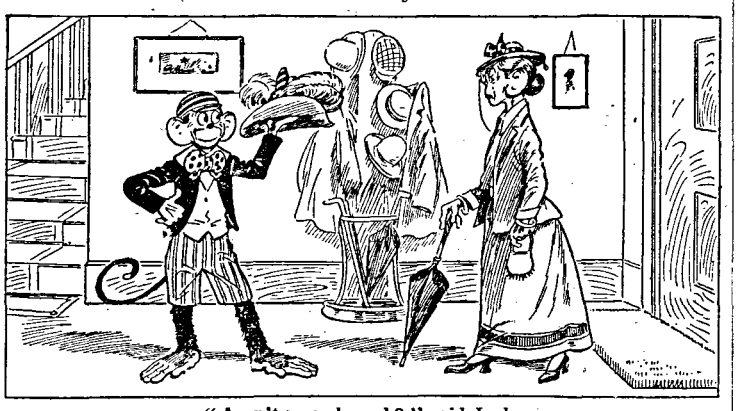
Jacko didn't care about the look of it at all.

"It's like a beehive," he said. "We'll never get out alive."

But, as Mrs. Jacko insisted, he told her to "hold on tight," and pushed his way through the crowd.

There was a regular babel inside the shop. It was frightfully hot, and everybody was rushing about.

Before they had been there three minutes Jacko had lost his mother. He couldn't see her anywhere. He asked several



"Aren't you pleased?" said Jacko

people if they'd seen a lady with an umbrella, but they were all much too busy to listen to him.

Jacko began to wish he had stayed at home. He wandered about for half an hour until he found himself in the hat department.

There were lots of people trying on hats, and in the middle of it all Jacko could hear angry voices.

"Coo! A row!" said Jacko, as pleased as Punch.

But he wasn't so pleased when he found one of the angry voices was Mrs. Jacko's. Both she and another bargain-hunter were after the same hat; they both said they had got it first, and neither would give an inch.

"Go it, Mater!" yelled Jacko.

And then a brilliant idea struck him. When they laid the hat down for a moment on the crowded counter, he picked it up and made off with it.

There was such a crowd nobody could follow him, and when Mrs. Jacko reached home, half an hour later, there was Jacko waiting for her with the hat.

"Aren't you pleased, Mater?" he said, with a grin.

"*Pleased* indeed!" snorted Mrs. Jacko. "I've had to pay 30s. for that hat, *and it's not the one I wanted!* I'll get your father to give you a good caning."

Those Who Come and Those Who Go

How many people are born in your town and how many die? Here are the figures for five weeks in 12 towns.

TOWN	BIRTHS		DEATHS	
	1924	1923	1924	1923
London	8423	9431	5586	5326
Glasgow	2573	2823	1842	1534
Liverpool	2037	2099	1241	1075
Birmingham	1741	1883	1381	1191
Dublin	1095	1036	693	667
Edinburgh	853	928	697	641
Hull	647	728	384	323
Sunderland	407	403	240	206
Plymouth	344	468	259	235
Aberdare	103	122	68	74
Cambridge	75	89	91	60
Eastbourne	56	70	68	47

The five weeks are up to May 3, 1924

Ici on Parle Français



Une anse Le chevalier L'argent

L'anse sert à soulever lé cruchon
Le chevalier part pour la guerre
L'argent ne fait pas le bonheur



La voûte La perruque La route

J'aime à méditer sous les voûtes
Le juge porte une perruque blanche
La route se perd dans le lointain

Tales Before Bedtime

Green Salad

DADDY grumbled because he couldn't get enough salad, and mother was worried because even one lettuce costs quite a lot in the spring after a cold winter.

And the worst of it was the little town garden was too smutty and dusty to grow nice green salads.

Peter and Nancy thought they would spend the four pennies they had in buying a nice lettuce for Daddy's lunch; but when they got to the shop they cost sixpence each.

"Lettuces are scarce and dear," said the greengrocer.

He was a nice old man with a lovely shop full of pots of spring bulbs, boxes and boxes of pansy plants and bachelor's buttons, and lots and lots of little packets of seeds.

Nancy told him all about Daddy wanting more salads, and he said: "Well, well! Why not grow a nice cheap salad yourselves?"

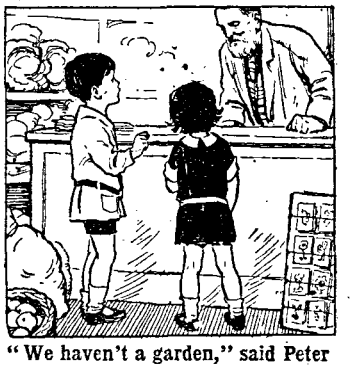
"We haven't got a garden," sighed Peter.

The old man rummaged behind the counter till he found two shallow wooden boxes filled with soil, and he gave one of them to Nancy and one to Peter. He gave them two little packets of seed, too, which cost twopence each.

"Now, young lady, you've got a vegetable garden of your own," he said. "Go home and make a big M in the middle of your box and scatter your seeds over it. Put the box in the dark for a day or two and keep the earth moist, and then bring it out into the sunshine."

"And what shall *I* do?" cried Peter.

"You make a big C in yours, and then do the same as your sister, and see what happens."



"We haven't a garden," said Peter

It was great fun planting M and C, and nobody was told, because it was to be a surprise.

The tiny seeds grew like magic, and on Daddy's birthday Peter and Nancy invited him to come and see their gardens.

"Why, mustard and cress!" he cried. "That's my favourite salad. I'll have it for my tea, please, instead of birthday cake."

And so he did, and there was still enough left in the vegetable gardens to keep Daddy supplied for a week.

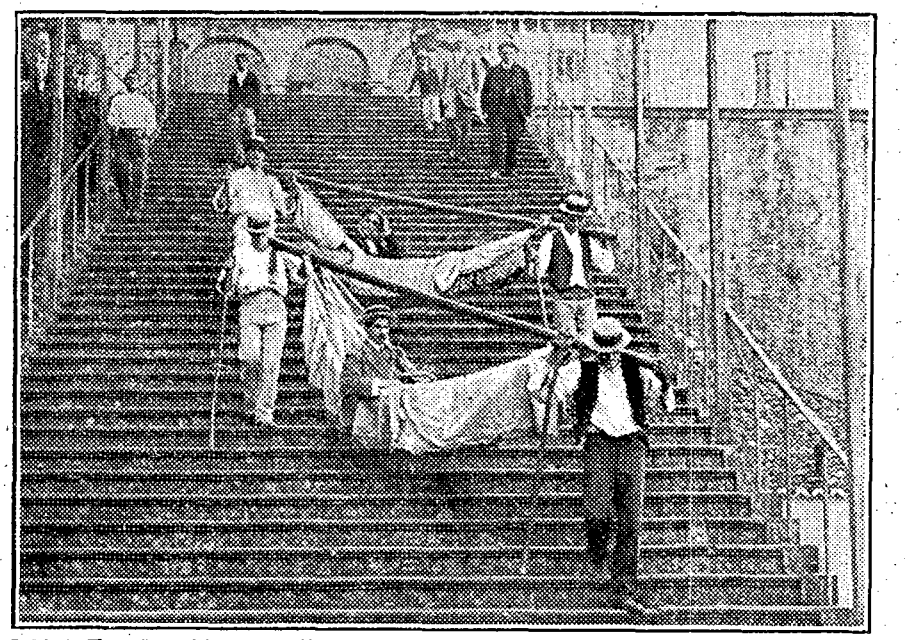
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CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

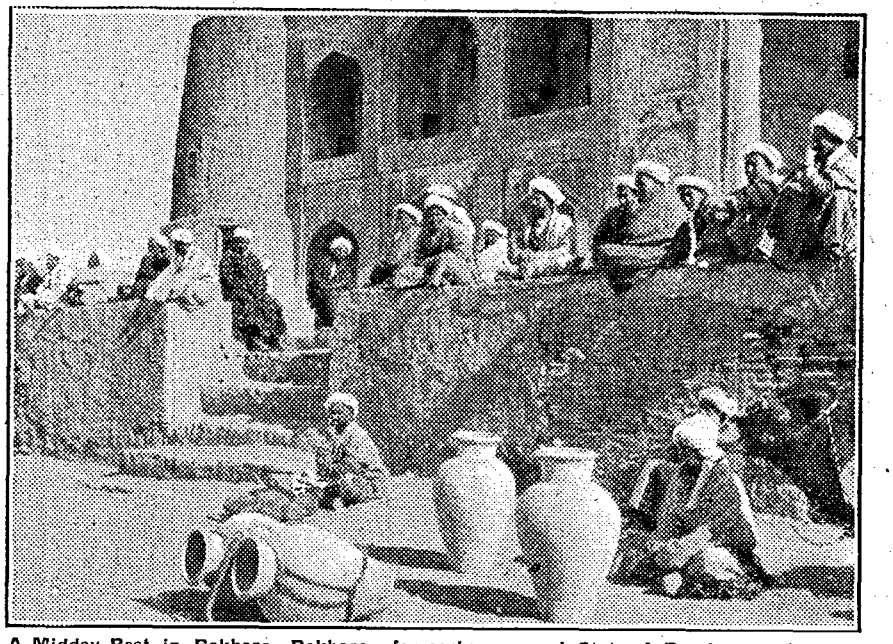
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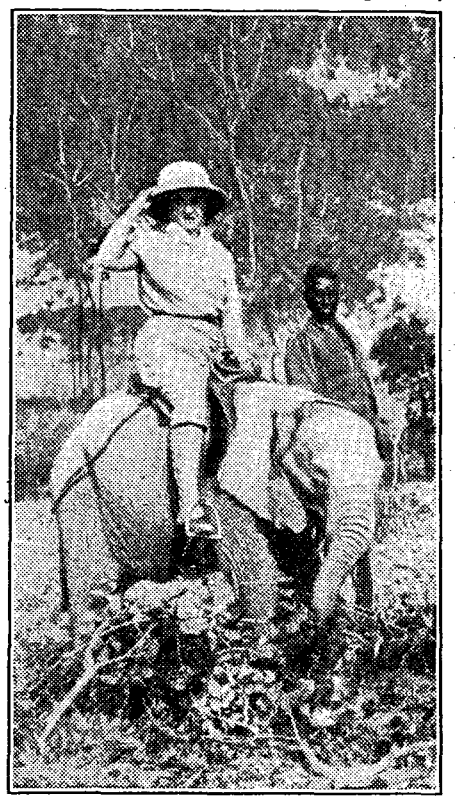
A HIGH DIVE · MEASURING THE SUNLIGHT · A TRAVELLING FIRE STATION



A Little Trip Round Madeira—Funchal, the capital of Madeira, is very hilly, and some of the streets consist of flights of steps, as shown here. Instead of riding in taxi-cabs, tourists are taken about in hammocks slung from poles and borne on the shoulders of carriers



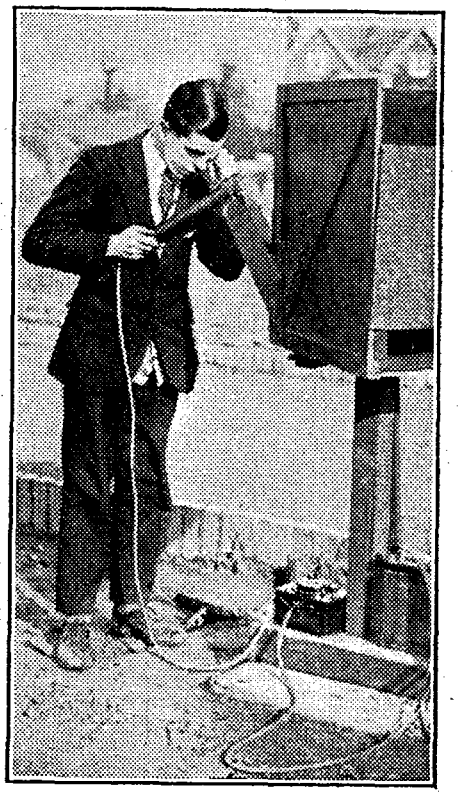
A Midday Rest in Bokhara—Bokhara, formerly a vassal State of Russia, regained its independence as a result of the war, and its capital, Bokhara, is now one of the chief cities of Central Asia. This is a typical summer scene outside the mosque in the capital



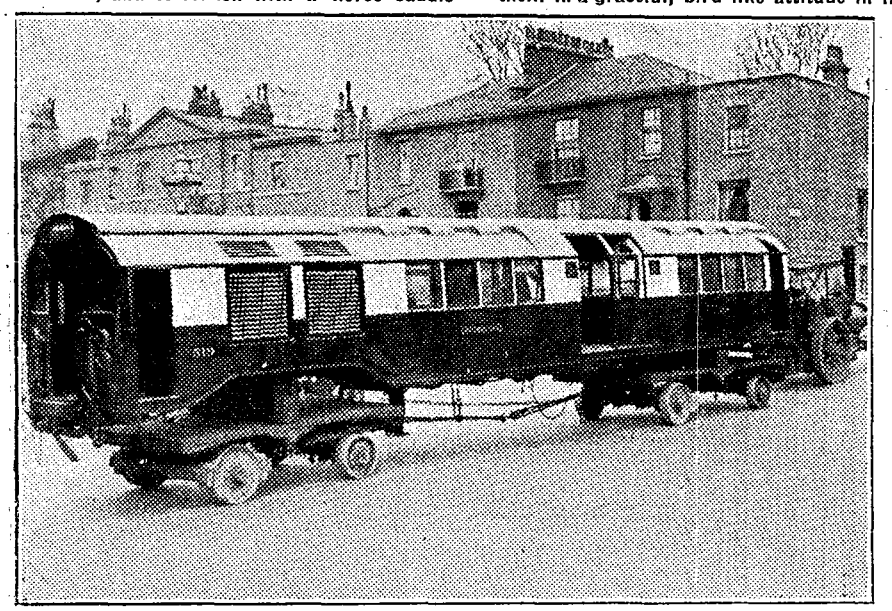
A Ride on the Elephant—This elephant was recently caught in Rhodesia, and is only two or three years old. It is very tractable, and is ridden with a horse saddle



British Candidates for the Olympic Games—This wonderful photograph shows a number of British candidates for the Olympic Games engaged in diving tests at Torquay. They are here practising the Prince of Wales's Feathers dive, and the camera has caught them in a graceful, bird-like attitude in mid-air. Great skill is required for this dive



Measuring the Sunlight—A scientist at the National Physical Laboratory, Teddington, measuring the daylight illumination from four quarters of the sky by a special recorder



The Railway Carriage Goes to Work—One of the latest and best types of coaches for the London Underground Railway passing through the streets on its way to Golder's Green to begin the work of transporting London's millions. The car attracted a good deal of attention



A Travelling Fire Station—A complete fire station packed into a side-car. It travels at high speed, and is to be used for country districts and city areas difficult of access to ordinary engines. The extinguishers are chemical, and do not depend on water for their efficiency

UNLOCKING THE DOOR FOR MARCONI—SEE MY MAGAZINE FOR JUNE

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R/R